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SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOHN D. STOCKTON.

It matters not if all the air
Be sweet with flowers, or keen with frost:
Though skies are blue, or fields are bare,
If thy dear sympathy is lost.
Ah! no, it matters not to me,
Sweet spirit, if I have not thee.

For thou wast once the joy of flowers,
And all the summer's bliss was thine,
Thy soul enriched the midnight hours,—
All things were dear when thou wert mine.
But now they matter not to me,
Lost soul of love, apart from thee.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XII.

A CURIOUS SUSPICION.

On a sofa, in the house of Mr. Stephen Grey, lay a lady with a pale face and delicate features. She had a serene brow, broad and thoughtful, and her large, earnest gray eyes were gazing up into a pair of eyes, the very counterpart of her own, that were bending down upon her—those of Frederic Grey. The eyes alone would have proclaimed them to be mother and son. She suffered from weakness of the spine, caused by a hurt, so that she required to lie down frequently; her health, in other respects, had been a source of great anxiety for the last year or two, and when her sister, a wealthy widow, spoke of paying a visit to some of the continental baths, and offered to [illegible] thither, the offer was eagerly embraced. Mrs. Stephen Grey alone hesitated at the proposal; she did not like to leave her husband and her son; but they overruled her scruples. She had now returned, after seven or eight months' absence, having derived much benefit from the trip.

"But, Frederick, I cannot understand," she was saying to her son, continuing a conversation they were both eagerly pursuing. "Either your papa did put the opium into the mixture—"

"Prussic acid, mamma."

"Prussic acid; how came my thoughts to be running upon opium? talking of a sleeping draught, I suppose. Either he did put the prussic acid into the mixture, or he did not."

"Dearest mamma, do I not tell you that he did not. I watched him make it up, I watched every drop of everything he put into it. There was no more poison in that draught than there is in this glass at your elbow."

"My dear, I do not dispute it; I should be exceedingly surprised to hear that your father was careless enough to do such a thing. What I was about to say, only you talk so fast and interrupt me, is this: with your testimony, and your Uncle John's, that it was not put in, and with the acquitting verdict of the jury, all tending to bear out that your father was not in fault, why has the tide set in against him?"

"Because people are fools," returned Frederick.

"Nay, Frederick, that's a poor explanation. Can't you give me a better?"

"Well, mamma, it's pretty near the truth. Immediately after the inquest, that is, for a week or two, the tide set in *for* papa; people seemed to be ashamed of having suspected him of carelessness, and nothing was made so much of as Mr. Stephen Grey. But the tide took a turn; one or two began to raise doubts, and insinuate hints that the prussic acid could only have got in, in the making-up, and soon others joined them. One fool, I say, makes many. And the tide has gone on to a rushing torrent, and I don't suppose there are ten people in the town who would call in papa; no, not ten," added Frederick, excitedly. "It does make Uncle John so mad."

"It gives him a great deal of extra work," said Mrs. Grey.

"Yes. In comes a note calling for Mr. Grey's attendance, with a line of postscript, 'It is Mr. *John* who is requested to come;' and in comes a verbal message, 'If you please if Mr. John's not in, the patient will wait till he is'—and all these, you know, people who formerly had papa. Uncle John is run off his legs. Not only that: numbers have left us altogether, and gone over to the enemy; they are afraid if they get Mr. John's attendance, that Mr. Stephen may make up the medicines, and won't risk it, they say."

"Pray, who do you call the enemy, Frederick?"

"Carlyon. And I used the word in its full sense, mother."

"Why do you suspect him of being an enemy?"

"I don't know what I don't suspect him of," returned Frederick Grey, in a significant tone. "But I'll tell you one thing: I am sure that he is the chief instigator in keeping up the prejudice against papa. If Carlyon does not work in secret for it, mother, I'll never tell truth again. I don't believe there's a single family he goes into, especially of our former patients, but he keeps up the ball. And it's done in such a nasty underhand way. 'I am grieved to be called in to take the place of Mr. Stephen Grey. No man can more highly respect another than I do him, and none can deplore more deeply the unfortunate accident. I cannot but think he will be cautious for the future; still, when the life of one, near and dear to us, a wife or a child, is at stake, I can but acknowledge that we ought to look for full reliance on our medical attendant'—and all that sort of cant. That's Carlyon's game, mamma."

"Frederick, you cannot know this."

"Indeed but I do, and Uncle John and papa know it, too. Uncle says he cannot think what possesses the fellow. And amongst the poor—not that they are profitable patients, but, still they are something—he abuses Mr. Stephen Grey openly. In short, he does all he can to excite a prejudice against him; if the truth could be known, I have no doubt it was Carlyon who raked about in secret till he turned the stream against papa, after it had set in for him."

"And his motive? To gain patients?"

"Well, I suppose so. But, as Uncle John often says, there are plenty for him and for us!"

"He is married now, is he not?"

"Yes. A creditable business that was! No honorable man would run away with a girl, when he had been forbidden to have her, and had been pretty nearly kicked out of her father's house. She is so beautiful."

"Who?"

"Lady Laura Carlyon. A sight too good for him."

"Lady Laura Carlyon!" repeated Mrs. Grey, in surprise. "Do you speak of his wife? I thought he had run away with one of the daughters of that old Captain Chesney."

"Ah, mamma, see what it is to be roving away from one's country. You have all the news to learn. That old Captain Chesney has become Earl of Oakburn. And he is married, now."

"He is!"

"Yes, he married Lucy Chesney's governess. It has just come off, a week or two back. Miss Chesney—Lady Jane; I am forgetting her title—has come back to the house on the rise. They have it on their hands for the next two years, and had been trying to let it furnished, but now she has returned to live at it."

"Why should she leave her own home?"

"It is said she did not like the marriage; that she and the new wife did not get on well together. Some say that Lady Jane would not give it a trial, whether they should get on or not, but left the day after the earl took his wife home. Uncle John was called in to her soon after she came, and is attending her still, but he says he can do little for her, for the disease seems to be on the mind."

"Your Uncle John! How was it she did not call in her sister's husband, Mr. Carlyon?"

"She'd rather die, I expect, than have him. They are at daggers drawn. She told Uncle John that she personally disliked Mr. Carlyon, independently of his having run away with her sister."

"Had the earl come into his title when she ran away? was she Lady Laura Chesney?"

"She was, in point of fact, but she did not know it. The young earl had been dead nearly two days, and letters had been sent to the Chesneys; but they were addressed to the Earl of Oakburn, not to Captain Chesney, and the old captain never thought they were for him. Uncle John was attending there at the time, and it was he suggested to Miss Chesney what might have occurred, for he had heard that the earl was dying. Just at the very hour, mother, that he and Miss Chesney were talking, Laura Chesney slipped away from the house to join Mr. Carlyon."

"Where were they married?"

"At Gretna Green; and afterwards at South Wennock when they returned. St. Mark's church was full, all the town flocking in to see them."

"And you amongst them, I suppose."

Frederick laughed. "Carlyon was as white as a sheet, and kept looking round as if he feared old Captain Chesney might come in to stop it, which must have been very stupid, if he did fear it, because they were man and wife already, fast enough. They nearly got dropped upon, getting off at first; at least, they might have been dropped upon, but that Captain Chesney had gone to Chesney Oaks. Carlyon was too cunning to take her to the Great Wennock station where they would have been known, but drove her across the country to that little bit of a place, Lichford, to take the train there."

"Drove her?" interrupted Mrs. Grey.

"Drove her in that open carriage of his; it would skim over the ground as quick as anything else, perhaps quicker; and the night of the escapade he went up in it, and waited in that lane at the back of the rise, and Laura stole out and joined him. Lichford you know is seven miles off, and they had reached to within two of it, Carlyon no doubt driving madly, like a second Phaeton, when lo! there was a spill; the whole concern coming to grief."

"Were they upset, do you mean?"

Frederick nodded. "About a month before, Carlyon's horse had fallen, and he had not been using him again above a week. A horse, you know, that once falls is never safe afterwards, and down he went. They were not thrown out; they had the head over them and the apron up, and were regularly wedged in. It had come on to pour like cats and dogs, and there they were at a nonplus, the horse disabled, and they in a fix."

"What ever did they do?"

"Walked on to the station in all the rain, and a pretty object Laura looked when she got there; so it is said by those who saw her. They had no umbrella, and she had lost one of her thin shoes in the clay of the road. They were too late for the train they meant to have taken, and had to wait till midnight for another. Fancy how nicely they might have been dropped upon, had Captain Chesney been in pursuit."

"But what became of the horse and carriage?"

"There were cottages scattered about where the spill took place; and Carlyon found a man to take charge. Carlyon has sold the horse since then, and bought a fresh one. Carlyon knew the young earl was dead, before he left South Wennock that evening, but he was sly enough not to tell her; perhaps he feared that though Miss Laura Chesney, poor, and dissatisfied with the embarrassments of her father's home, which it is well known she was, would run away with him to become Mrs. Carlyon, Lady Laura Chesney might not."

"I wonder if she regrets it?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, after a pause of thought.

"She will regret it sometime, if she doesn't yet," returned Frederick. "Carlyon's a bad man; and all bad men's wives must come to repentance."

"My boy, it sounds to me as if you were too bitter against Mr. Carlyon."

"I am not too bitter against him. I wish I could be more bitter; bitter to some purpose."

"Frederick!"

The boy threw himself on his knees beside the sofa, and sank his voice to a whisper.

"Mother! I believe it was Mr. Carlyon who put the prussic acid into the draught."

Mrs. Grey was startled to tremor, almost to anger; she was alarmed at the temerity of Frederick. And it must be here remarked that Master Frederick Grey was rather accustomed to take fancies in his head, without, as his friends would express it, rhyme or reason.

"Look here, mother. The draught went out of our house right *I know*, and Dick delivered it as it was sent. Why, then, did Mr. Carlyon take hold of it when it arrived and say that it smelt of prussic acid; it did not smell of prussic acid; there was no smell of prussic acid in it then, or anything that smelt like prussic acid. He must have said it to put the public off the right scent, to cloak what he was going to do; and that was to put the prussic acid himself into it—which I believe he did."

Mrs. Grey burst into tears, terrified at Frederick's vehemence, terrified at the consequences, if he were heard. "For heaven's sake be still; what has come to you, Frederick? Are you out of your mind?"

"Mother, this suspicion of Carlyon fell over me that night. When we heard of the death, I and Uncle John ran down. Carlyon was in the chamber. He spoke glibly enough of what had taken place, so far as he had had anything to do with it, and Uncle John and Mr. Lycett took it all in for gospel. But a feeling came over me, as I listened to him and looked at him, that he was not speaking truth; and that there was a deal behind, concealed; and, if so, where was his motive? He was too glib, too frank, and he overdid it; but there was neither truth in his eye nor on his lip. You know you have often been surprised at the quickness with which I read people and their motives, and you have called it a good gift from God."

"You frighten me to faintness," gasped Mrs. Grey. "Have you reflected on the awful consequences to Mr. Carlyon, were such an accusation heard?"

"I am not going to speak of it abroad; but, mother, I must tell *you*; it has been burning my heart out since that night. Carlyon did not like my looks, he saw that I doubted him—his truth, at any rate—and he wanted to get me out of the chamber. I would not go, and he did not like to make a fuss. You must note one thing, mother, that no person whatever was alone with that draught, after Dick delivered it, but Mr. Carlyon."

"Oh, Frederick! what wickedness has come over you? Your very nature seems changed. Is this my good and honorable boy, who has been taught not to think evil? I wish I had not gone abroad, and left you!"

"What first set me on to doubt him, was the pretending he smelt the prussic acid when the draught arrived;" persisted Frederick, paying little heed to his mother's words, so absorbed was he with his subject. "And then, as I tell you, there was his manner; both that night and at the inquest. I was there. The coroner complimented him on the straightforward way in which he gave his evidence; but I know that I read lie in it from the beginning to the end."

"Frederick, answer me a question. What could so have prejudiced you against Mr. Carlyon?"

"I was not prejudiced against him. I declare to you, mother, that when I entered the chamber where the poor lady lay dead, I had not, and never had had any prejudice against Mr. Carlyon. I had felt rather glad that he set up in the place, because papa and Uncle John were getting so worried with the extent of practice. It was when he was speaking of the draught that the conviction flashed over me that he was speaking falsely, deceitfully, and that he knew more about it than he would say."

"My boy, you have given me greater pain than I can express: I shall begin next to doubt whether *you* are bad. Do you think it right to give way to this feeling against Mr. Carlyon? Are you doing right in the sight of God?"

"We cannot help our convictions, mother. I have striven to put this one away from me, and I cannot."

"You have no proof, or shadow of proof, that can tell against Mr. Carlyon."

"No proof at all. It is an inward conviction."

"I should say an inward fiddlestick, Frederick, were the subject less awfully serious. Do you not deem that it would better become you to bring reason to bear upon it, than an inward conviction, vague and visionary? This young lady was a stranger, was she not, to Mr. Carlyon?"

"She was a stranger to us all, to him as well as to us."

"Very well. Do you suppose it possible, Frederick, that any man, with a spark of human feeling about him, could deliberately set himself to murder a stranger? We hear of murders taking place, but there is always a motive inciting to the guilt. The very worst man, permitted to live on earth, the scum of the streets, would not poison a fellow-creature for pastime: and Mr. Carlyon is an educated man, accustomed to the refinement which position gives: and, so far as I have seen, he is a pleasant and agreeable one. Frederick, what mistaken, dark subtlety have you suffered to creep into your mind and pervert it? Here [illegible] lying upon a sick bed, in need of help, depending for that help upon her doctors, who had never seen her in their lives till called to her; and you would insinuate that one of them dropped some poison into her medicine to kill her! Allowing that your view of the case is the correct one (though I feel ashamed to allow it, even for the moment's argument,) what *motive* could Mr. Carlyon have had in it?"

"I don't deny that it is shrouded in impenetrable mystery: and the want of apparent motive is the—"

"There goes your prejudice again, Frederick—the want of 'apparent motive!'"

"I'll say the want of motive then, mother, but even at your bidding I cannot get rid of the feeling against Carlyon; it has grown to be part and parcel of myself, and it creeps out in my words unintentionally. It is the want of motive which staggers me, and sometimes causes my judgment to reason that I must be mistaken, and am wronging Carlyon. I ask myself, what he thought to gain by it? Nothing, that I can see. I ask, what he has gained by it? Some accession of practice, but that is not sufficient motive—"

"For shame, Frederick!"

"Dear mamma, I am sorry you are so disturbed, and I wish I had not mentioned it at all. I have lain awake night after night, thinking it over in all its phases: and I say that any probable accession of practice could not have been the motive. When the draught was delivered at Mother Gould's, Mr. Carlyon could not tell who had made it up: it might have been myself or Mr. Whittaker, and in that case papa could not have lost ground with his patients. Of course, now it has happened, he fans the flame against papa to get his patients, but he could not have entered upon it from that motive."

"He could not have done it at all: it is beyond the range of probability. Have you ever mentioned this to any one?"

"No: not in the way I have now spoken of it to you. I told Judith Ford, the day after the death, that if anybody did put poison in the draught, it was Mr. Carlyon, and not papa."

"Judith Ford! Oh, I remember—the young woman who lived at Mrs. Hopper's. How came you to say such a thing to her?"

"Judith was as angry about their accusing papa as I was: we were talking of it, and the remark slipped from me, in my anger. Judith was with the young lady in her illness, for she was out of place just then."

"What did she say to you?"

"She was startled, as you are, mamma; and would not listen to me."

"Has it ever been ascertained who the young lady was?"

"Nothing at all has been ascertained about her. It is not known who she was, or where she came from, any more than it was when she died."

"Well now, Frederick, let me give you a caution. Never you speak of this frightful suspicion again, and do all in your power to drive it from your own mind. However you can have allowed it admittance, and cherished it, is to me astounding, for so far as I can judge, it is utterly groundless. Have you reflected that a word of this, breathed abroad, might be taken up, and proceedings be instituted against Mr. Carlyon—that he might be tried for his life?"

"Hush! here's papa," whispered the boy, as he sprang up from beside the couch.

"Does he know of this strange suspicion of yours?"

"No, no, mother. I have told no one but you."

Mr. Stephen Grey came in, wiping his face as if he were heated, though the weather was cold.

"Mary," said he, as he sat down by his wife, "I think we shall have to make a move."

"A move, Stephen! what do you mean?"

"We must move from this place to one where the gossip of Stephen Grey's having supplied poison in mistake for safe medicine will not have penetrated. It gets worse every day, and John's temper is tried. No wonder; he is worked like a horse. Just now he came in, jaded and tired, and there were three messengers waiting to see him, ready to squabble among themselves which should get him first. 'I am really unable to go,' he said, 'I have been up with a lady patient all night and this morning, and am good for nothing. Mr. Stephen will attend for me.' No: there was not one would have Mr. Stephen: their orders were, Mr. Grey, or nobody. John is gone, unfit as he is: but this sort of thing cannot last."

"It will wear John out. How extraordinary it is! Why should they be so prejudiced, in the face of facts?"

"I had a talk with John yesterday, and broached to him what has been in my own mind for some weeks. He and I must dissolve partnership; John must take a partner who will be more palatable to South Wennock than I now am; and I must try my fortune elsewhere. If I am ruined myself, it is of no use dragging John down into it, and it would be little else, if I remained with him, for I believe the whole practice would leave us."

"Where can we go?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, with a sinking heart.

"I don't know. Perhaps London would be best. That is the least likely place for the tale to have been carried, for, there, a man does not know his next-door neighbor. We may get on, or we may not; what little I have put by may have to be exhausted while I am waiting for practice; we must hope for the best."

"It is a great misfortune to have fallen upon us!" uttered Mrs. Grey.

"It is unmerited, Mary. That's my consolation."

"And a great consolation it is. I always think that an unmerited misfortune, one that no conduct or prudence of our own could avert, must come direct from God. Do not fear, Stephen; it may all turn out for the best in the end. I and Frederick were talking about the transaction when you came in. I wonder you did not send me the history of it in some of your letters."

"Where was the use? It might have caused you uneasiness, and it happened soon after you went away, when you were not in a state to be annoyed."

"Stephen, give me your candid opinion," said Mrs. Grey, "who do you think could have put the poison in the draught?"

Frederick, who was then standing at the window with his jacket thrown back and his fingers in his waistcoat pockets, ruminating, heard the question, and glanced round uneasily at his mother, lest she might be going to betray confidence.

Mr. Stephen lowered his voice; he always did when he spoke of it.

"The most mysterious part, the part I can't get over," said he, "is Carlyon's having smelt the poison when the medicine was delivered."

Frederick gave a cough, very peculiar and disbelieving. Mrs. Grey noticed it, but her husband did not. He continued:

"But for that fact, we might have some sort of data to go upon. In the first place, it might be regarded as possible—possible, I say, not probable—that the lady added the poison herself. Such things have been known, especially in these mysterious cases; and this poor young lady has not had a soul to inquire after her, no husband, no relations, no anything. It has been suggested that she might have stepped aside from the right path, and found her life a burden; I myself don't think so. In the second place, it has never been cleared up who the man was that Mr. Carlyon saw on the stairs that night; he, that man, whoever he may have been, may have put the poison in, and it has been thought that he did do so. But both these hints of suspicion are done away with by the fact, that Carlyon smelt the prussic acid when the draught was first delivered. I can't get over that."

"What man did Mr. Carlyon see on the stairs?" demanded Mrs. Grey.

"He does not know himself; he seemed by no means clear that it was a man at all, or whether the moonlight might not have deceived him. I and John have talked it over many a time, we believe that some one was there, must have been concealed there, and we gave private directions to the police to try and discover who it was; but they could not."

"Frederick," called out Mrs. Grey, "do you hear what your papa says—that a man was concealed in the house that night? Did you know it?"

"Oh, yes, I knew it."

"The affair is a mystery altogether, nothing but mystery from beginning to end," said Mr. Stephen. "If it was a deliberate murder, as some suggest, it will be cleared, for murder will out, in one way or another."

"Frederick," whispered Mrs. Grey to her son, when they were alone, "if any man was concealed in the house, it is doubly wicked of you to cast an ill-thought to Mr. Carlyon. That man may have been guilty."

"Then, mamma, what becomes of Mr. Carlyon's assertion—and he swore to it before the coroner—that he scented the poison in the draught when it arrived?"

"True—true," deliberated Mrs. Grey.—"Good heavens, how full of mystery it seems to be!"

"But for Carlyon's having smelt the poison then, the strange man would come in for the odium, whether he deserves it or not. Some suggest that Mr. Carlyon only fancied he smelt it, and that the concealed man was Mrs. Crane's husband, who had followed her, and stolen in for the purpose of murdering her. Ay, and they believe it too."

"A far more likely hypothesis, shocking as it is, than that Mr. Carlyon poisoned his patient," returned Mrs. Grey.

And, good reader, though we don't want to put you on the scent, or off the scent, it *was* the ill-fated young lady's husband who destroyed her. Frederick Grey was too fond of crotchets.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TORN LETTER. AND A DISPUTE.

Back at the old house on the rise, living in private simplicity, was Lady Jane Chesney Judith, her maid, and one other servant constituted her household. The day after her father brought home his wife, Jane spoke out plainly to him; that she and that wife could not live under the same roof. Of course it was Lady Jane who had to quit it, and it was arranged that she should reside at the small house at South Wennock, which they had been hoping to let, furnished, the earl allowing her a certain sum yearly. She'd soon be *tired of that, and come to her senses*, the earl remarked.

She was really ill when she arrived, and she sent for Mr. Grey. He told her the illness was on the mind, and he could do little for her. Lady Jane knew how heavy her mind was, but she felt ill in body also.

One day when she was reclining in an easy-chair, weak and languid, the knock of a visitor was heard at the door, and Judith went to it. There stood Lady Laura Carlyon.

"How dy'e do, Judith?" she said. "Is Lady Jane at home?"

"She is at home, miss—my lady. But I am afraid you can't see her. I have orders to deny her to every visitor, no matter who. She is very ill."

"Go and tell her that I have come to see her, Judith, and hear what she says."

Judith did as she was ordered, but Lady Laura was not to be put off, and while Judith was informing her mistress who it was, in she walked. Whether Lady Jane wished to see her, or not, she could not turn her out now, and they were left together.

Laura Carlyon looked just as she looked as Laura Chesney, young and lovely; a damask color in her cheek, a brilliant light in her eye. She still wore slight mourning for the Earl of Oakburn, for, like her family, she had put mourning on for him. A rich black silk gown, with brocaded flounces, and white tulle bonnet all gossamer and beauty. Lady Jane retained her hand as she gazed at her.

"You are happy, Laura?"

"Oh, so happy! But I want to be reconciled to you all. Papa is such a dreadful curmudgeon when he is crossed, but he need not hold out so long. And, you, Jane, never to answer my letters, and to be here more than a fortnight without taking notice of me. Papa, I expect, forbade you to write to me."

"He wished me not."

"Of course, I know that," spoke Laura, resentfully. "And has he forbidden you to come to my house—or to receive me here?"

"No. But, Laura, let us enter into a thorough understanding, at first: it may spare trouble to both of us, and perhaps some heart-burning. I must decline, on my own account, to visit you: I will receive you here and be happy to see you, whenever you please to come, but you perhaps will deem it better not to come frequently, when I tell you that I cannot receive Mr. Carlyon."

"Why will you not come to my house?"

"Because it is Mr. Carlyon's. I would prefer not to meet him."

"Is your prejudice against Mr. Carlyon to last for ever?" asked Lady Laura.

"I cannot say. I will confess that it is bitter against him at present. I did not like him, as you know, Laura; and his base conduct, with regard to you, has not tended to remove the dislike. My feelings must change very greatly before I can bring myself to extend the hand of acquaintanceship to Mr. Carlyon: and cordially to like him, I never can."

"And never will," retorted Laura, "if you persist in shutting yourself out from all intercourse with him. What could it hurt you, Jane, to meet my husband?"

"We will drop the subject," said Lady Jane: "to pursue it will be productive of no

end. When I tell you that my own feelings (call them prejudices if you will) forbid me to see Mr. Carlyon, I tell you truth. And if I could put mine aside, deference to my father's, would also prevent me. Laura, I will not reproach you for the step you took—the time has gone by for that, and you may say I have no right to do so, no authority over you: but you must not ask me to countenance Mr. Carlyon."

"You speak of deference to papa's feelings, Jane: I don't think he showed much to yours. What a simpleton he has made of himself!"

Jane Chesney's face burnt, and her drooping eyelids were not raised. The spirit to uphold her father, whether he was right, or whether he was wrong, had gone out of her crushed heart for ever.

"What sort of a woman is she?" went on Lady Laura.

"Oh, Laura, what matters it?" Jane answered, in a tone that betrayed how painful the subject was. "*He* has married her, and that is enough: I cannot talk of it."

"Why did you not bring away Lucy?"

"I was not permitted. I wished it."

"And do you mean to say that you shall live here, all by yourself?"

"Whom have I to live with? And I may as well occupy this house as any other. My means will afford nothing better. *That* I do not repine at; it is good enough for me; and to be able to live at peace in it, is a great improvement upon the embarrassment we used to undergo."

"But it is so lonely an existence for you; almost complete isolation!"

Jane was silent; the sense of her lonely lot was making itself heard within her as her sister spoke, but she knew that she must *bear*.

"How much are you to be allowed, Jane?"

"Five hundred pounds a year."

Laura's eyes flashed.

"Five hundred a year for Lady Jane Chesney! It is not half enough, Jane."

"It is enough for comfort. And grandeur I have done with. I daresay it is as much as you enjoy, Laura; and I am but one."

Laura's color deepened. She had told Jane she was "so happy," and, in one sense, perhaps she was. But Laura was learning to estimate herself as the Earl of Oakburn's daughter: her vanity had not lessened: and every hour of the day she caught herself wishing for the display and luxury that wealth and position give. If Laura's vanity had been inordinate before, it had not been lessened by the accession of her title.

"I do not know that Mr. Carlyon is making above five hundred a year," she replied, "but every month will add to his gains, for the Greys are losing ground rapidly. I cannot tell you how many of their patients have come over to Mr. Carlyon."

"Why so?" asked Jane, lifting her eyes in surprise.

"On account of that fatal mistake. The people would rather trust themselves to a common chemist than to Stephen Grey."

"But I thought it had been nearly proved at the inquest that Stephen Grey was not in fault. When we left the neighborhood, the affair seemed to be dying away."

"*Public opinion has its reactions*," said Laura: "but as to his not having made the mistake, it is nonsense to suppose so. Lewis says there is not room for a shade of doubt, and he was certain of it at the time."

"Has it been discovered who she was?"

"No. And I suppose never will be now. But we are going from our own affairs. I think it shameful of papa not to allow me an income, or else present my husband with an adequate sum of money, now he has come into the family estates."

"They are very poor," remarked Jane.

"Poor for a peer; I know that; but not so poor but he might remember me. Mr. Carlyon feels the injustice I know, though he does not say anything, and—"

"Injustice!" interrupted Jane Chesney, in a quiet, but marked tone.

"Yes, it is unjust, shamefully unjust. What have I done to offend him? Just chosen for myself the husband that he would have denied me. And now what has he gone and done? Married a woman obnoxious to us all. If it was derogatory to the family pride for Laura Chesney to wed a surgeon, when she had not a cross or a coin to bless herself with, I wonder what it is for the Earl of Oakburn to lower himself to his daughter's governess?"

Jane made no response. There was some logic in Laura's reasoning, although she appeared to ignore the fact that she owed obedience to her father, and had forfeited it.

"You were devoted to him, Jane, and how has he repaid you? Just done that which has driven you from his home, with as little compunction, I daresay, as he would drive a dog—Jane, be quiet; I will have my say out. He has got his new lady, and much you and I are to him henceforth: he would let us—but I won't speak of myself—he would let you live on here for years, and never care to meet you. You will see. We were just so many automatons to him, of use to minister to his wants, to his tempers, and to make his house comfortable; but of no further value. It was so, Jane, and I am *glad* I left it."

"You are wrong, Laura," answered Jane, with emotion. "In the old days, we were of value to him and he to us: how he was valued by me, I—I—cannot bear now to speak of. I do not defend his marriage: but he is not the first man who has been led away by a designing woman."

"He is a hard man," returned Laura, "and heartless as the grave. Why else has he not forgiven Clarice?"

"Clarice! He has forgiven her."

"She is not at home," answered Laura, quickly. "Estranged from you all, as you forced me to be, I used to read the Morning Post, just to see your names." (And to long with all her vanity's vain longing to see her own amongst them, Laura might have added.) "Yours were repeatedly mentioned: 'The Earl of Oakburn and the Ladies Jane and Lucy Chesney,' but I never saw Clarice's."

Jane dropped her voice to a lower tone.

"We cannot find Clarice."

"Not find her!" echoed Laura. "What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. The uneasiness it gives me, Laura, I cannot express to you; and papa—in spite of your opinion of his heartlessness—is as uneasy as I am. Our only conjecture is, that she may have gone on the Continent with a family: but papa has caused the lists of passports at the port towns of France and Belgium to be searched, and her name was not entered there. Still, if she has so gone, she may have been entered in their passport as 'the governess.' It is about seventeen months since we can find any trace of her."

"I never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Laura, when her astonishment subsided. "Not find Clarice! Who has searched after her?"

"I did, in the first instance, and found both the houses where she had lived as governess. She quitted the last one last June twelvemonth: they did not know where she was going, why she left them, or what she was about to do: except that she said she was not going out as governess again. They have heard nothing of her since that period; neither can we hear anything, or trace her at all."

"But, Jane. You have heard from her long since then!"

"I know I have. Between that June and the following Christmas I received two letters from her not dated, and in January another. You recollect that one; it was to wish us a happy New Year. Clarice, you remember, after she left school in France, liked to retain many of the French customs; and that of writing to her friends a New Year's letter, to wish them the *bonne annee*, as she used to call it, was one. I have those letters still, and have looked them over and over again, but they give no clue to her proceedings. They do not mention that she had left her situation, or where she was; they give, in short, no information whatever that can be of service. She never used to give her address, as you remember, never from the first told us precisely where, or with whom she lived, though she would now and then relate little anecdotes of her pupils or their parents; and my answers were directed, as she requested, to the library, whence I find, she used to fetch them. But when I went there in June, my last three letters were there, waiting still!"

"How very extraordinary! When were those letters written?"

"Between March and June. Do you recollect my telling you of a very singular dream that I had respecting Clarice—a disagreeable dream?"

"I recollect your *not* telling me," replied Laura. "You said you had a dream that troubled you, but you would not tell it, for fear of my laughing."

"I mean that," said Lady Jane. "The dream made me uneasy—at any rate, it so filled my head with Clarice that I could not rest, and I wrote to her to know whether all was well. That was the middle of March. No reply came, and in about a month's time I wrote again. Still there was no reply, and I wrote a third time. Those letters were the three that I found had not been taken from the library."

"Jane, I know I am very skeptical, but I'll promise not to laugh: what was the dream?"

"I cannot tell it," hastily replied Jane Chesney.

"*You have forgotten it.*"

"No," shuddered Jane, "every phase of it is as vivid to my mind and as full of horror as it was when I dreamt it, but I cannot tell it; least of all to you."

Lady Laura became curious. "Why, least of all to me?"

"Because—because—in the same dream, mixed up with Clarice, mixed up with the horror, was—but I am foolish, I think," broke off Jane Chesney; "as well tell you the dream, as tell you that. I shall say no more about it, Laura."

Laura did not care. She had been in the habit of laughing at Jane's dreams, and she would laugh still. Jane Chesney had certainly had two or three most singular dreams, which had borne reference in a remarkable degree to subsequent realities of life. One of them had foreshadowed her mother's death, and Jane had told it before the death took place. The events, following upon and bearing out the dreams, were curious coincidences, to say the least of them. And yet, Jane Chesney by nature was not inclined to superstition, but the dreams had caused her to become so; that is, superstitious with regard to dreams. But she buried the feeling within herself, as we all like to bury these feelings which touch wholly upon the imagination.

"Talking about Clarice," resumed Laura, "a curious thing happened to me the other morning, and I thought how deceitful you were. I think you are still, Jane, when you tell me you have not heard from Clarice since last January.

Lady Jane was surprised. "I have not heard from her since. That letter at the New Year was the last I ever had from her."

"Where's the use of saying that, Jane? You know quite well that you have had a most affectionate and loving letter since then."

"I do not know what your head is running on," returned Jane, "but I do know that I have not had a line or syllable from Clarice, since that January letter."

She spoke with composed earnestness, and Laura knew her sister too well, to suppose it was anything but truth. "Well, look here," she said, taking out her purse, a handsome portemonnaie, the gift of Mr. Carlyon, and extracting from it a small piece of paper, which had evidently once formed part of a note. "You would know Clarice's writing; is that it or not?"

"Yes it is," replied Lady Jane, the moment her sister put the paper in her hands. It was the upper part of the first page, where the writing commenced, and was dated from London, on the 28th day of the previous February. It began "My dearest, I am about to make a proposal to you, and—" then the paper was torn, on the reverse side was the conclusion of the note, which had apparently been a short one. "—without delay. Ever your own Clarice." Jane Chesney pondered over it, especially over the date. That it was the writing of her sister Clarice she was certain.

"If it was not addressed to you, Jane, to whom was it addressed? It came to me from home in my box of clothes."

"Impossible," returned Jane. "I collected your things together after you left home, and packed them myself. There was no such scrap of paper as this, amongst them."

"But, Jane, there must have been. Where else could it have come from? It could not have blown in at the window, or sprung up through the floor. I put it in my portemonnaie to show you, and rate you soundly for your slyness. I cannot think now but you had the letter."

"I have assured you to the contrary, Laura. When did you find this?"

"It was about a fortnight ago. A pair of my sleeves were missing—those beautiful point-lace sleeves which had been mamma's. Sarah seemed to give herself mighty little trouble over it, and I was angry with her, and told her they had got mislaid in the drawers, through her own carelessness. She said they were not in the drawers; that she had looked well. When I am put out, you know, Jane, I am something like papa, and I went to the chest of drawers, where my laces are kept, and turned everything out of them on to the floor, paper and all, ordering Sarah to place the things back again—"

"Were the sleeves there?" interrupted Jane.

"No. We found them afterwards, folded between one of my silk dresses, and I suppose I must have done it myself unthinkingly. But never mind the sleeves. After the things were in the drawers again, I picked up this bit of paper from where they had lain on the carpet. I saw it was Clarice's writing, and thought, as I say, that you had kept its receipt from me. That it must have come from home with my things is certain, for they were emptied straight from the trunk into that chest of drawers, and it must have remained amidst them ever since—slipped under the paper laid at the bottom of the drawers probably."

"It appears to me inexplicable," exclaimed Jane. "If the bit of paper was sent in your box from home, to whom was it addressed there? Clarice never wrote to any of us but me, after she was under displeasure. And the strain of that note is not as she would write to us; it is more as a wife would write to her husband."

"The display of affection struck me," said Laura; "I thought she must have grown over fond, all on a sudden."

"Clarice has too much good sense to indulge in foolishly fond expressions," remarked Lady Jane. "Will you give me this scrap of paper, Laura? I should like to keep it."

"You may keep it, and welcome. I hope we shall soon hear of her; she must be gone abroad. And yet it is very strange she should not write to tell us so. And so inconsistent for a Lady Clarice Chesney or a Lady Clarice anybody to be getting her living as a governess!"

"My father and I argue that she cannot have heard of the change," said Jane. "Are you going?"

"Yes," replied Laura, who had risen. "I have not said half I thought to say, or asked half the questions, but I must go now. I shall soon come in, and see you again, and I hope you will be looking better. Jane, do you never venture out?"

"I don't feel strong enough."

"You only fancy," said Laura. "Come with me as far as the gate now. It is nothing that you want, and fresh air."

With much persuasion, and a deal of muffling up, Lady Jane did venture into the gardens, and walked as far as the gate. It was a fine day for the season, and the red autumn leaves strewed the ground. They stood there talking together, but Laura at length took leave, and Jane watched her down the road. Before she had gone beyond her sister's sight, Laura encountered Mr. Carlyon. He appeared in a hurry, probably some patient was waiting for him, halted for a moment to greet his wife, appeared to laugh at something she said, and came laughing onwards. Jane Chesney had felt herself revived by the fresh air, and did not care to hasten in again immediately, but neither did she care to be seen by Mr. Carlyon lest he should accost her, so she slid into an opening amid the trees, until he should have passed. But as she turned from the gate, she caught a glimpse of young Frederick Grey advancing from the other way. The two met exactly opposite the gate, close to the sheltering spot of Lady Jane. And now we must go back an hour or two.

In a homestead, a little beyond the rise, lay its mistress, dangerously ill. They were fresh people who had recently come to the place, and they called in Mr. Carlyon. The surgeon obeyed the call, but in a day or two the case became so alarming that he wished further advice, and suggested that Mr. John Grey should be requested to meet him in consultation. The farmer, Mr. Trupp, went to the Greys' residence, Mr. John was out, and he, knowing nothing of the prejudice against Mr. Stephen, asked the latter to go in his brother's place. Mr. Carlyon was considerably astonished to meet *him*, but said in his presence nothing against it. Later in the day Frederick Grey was sent up, to inquire the result of certain remedies ordered at the consultation. The farmer came out to him from the kitchen.

"You are perhaps a relation of the Mr. Greys, sir," said he, after replying to the message brought.

"I am Mr. Stephen Grey's son. Why?"

The farmer, a simple looking man, scratched his head.

"Then perhaps you'll be good enough to say as we'd rather the gentleman didn't come again. It have flustered my wife so, to hear that he sometimes sends out poison by mistake in his physic bottles, that his visit have done her more harm than good. She is a trifle better, and she thinks Doctor Carlyon can get her round now, by hisself."

The indignant red had flashed to Frederick's features.

"Who in the world told you that falsehood of my father?"

"No offence, sir; I'm sure I don't mean none, personally, for we know nothing but what we are told. After the gentleman had left, the other, Dr. Carlyon, asked us how we could think of having him to the house, that it might cost us our lives sometime, for that he warn't particular as to the making up of his medicines, and one lady had died through it. I asked my next-door neighbor whether it was true, and he said it was true that a lady did die, after taking some physic sent by him. It give my wife such a turn, sir, that we feared she was going—and, if you'll please tell him, we'd rather he didn't come again."

Frederick Grey departed, his heart swelling at the injustice done his father, the *malice*, as he regarded it, on the part of Mr. Carlyon. And it was at this moment he encountered the surgeon close to the gate of Lady Jane Chesney. Noble-hearted boys are apt to be hot and fiery at what they deem injustice and wrong; intemperate also; and with a most intemperate spirit did Frederick accost him.

"Don't brush by me so quickly, Mr. Carlyon. I'll thank you to explain what it is you have been saying against my father."

"You are in a passion, young sir," returned the surgeon, blandly. "I and Mr. Stephen Grey can settle our own affairs without your help."

"You are a wicked, designing man," burst forth Frederick; "you have been working, in an underhand manner, to drive my father from the place; and, not content with having done it, for you know that he has decided on going, you traduce him still. Why don't you do it before his face, sir? Why do you do it behind his back?"

"I don't know what you mean. Stand aside."

"You do know what I mean," retorted the boy, dodging before Mr. Carlyon, so that he could not pass. "He met you in consultation at Trupp's this morning, and when his back was turned, you set on to prejudice their minds against him, saying he was in the habit of sending out poisoned medicines, and it frightened the woman so that they will not have him again. And this has been your regular game. How dare you continue to assert that my father poisoned the draught that night, when you know he did not! when you *know* it, I say!"

Mr. Carlyon had a small cane in his hand, and he lifted it menacingly.

"But for the respect I bear your uncle, as my brother practitioner, and your father also, in spite of the fatal error he committed, I would lay this about your shoulders, young gentleman, and teach you better manners."

Frederick's passion was increased by the threat, and he said what he would not have done at a calmer moment.

"You know, I say, that he did not commit any error: you know that it was *you* dropped the poison into the draught when you were alone with it after it was delivered. Keep your cane off me, Mr. Carlyon: blows will not mend murder: you saw that I suspected you the very night it was done; you saw that I suspected you when you were giving your plausible evidence at the inquest. What the poor young lady had done to you, you best know, but I believe, in my true heart, and I tell it you with God hearing me, that you put the poison in to kill her. Now, go and talk about my father again, Mr. Carlyon."

Down came the cane on Frederick Grey's shoulders, but he seized it, and broke it—passion giving him the strength of a young lion. Mr. Carlyon walked away, leaving a careless and scornful epithet behind him. [illegible] and looked after him. "The hound! I am glad I have told him my suspicions, for they were burning a hole within me, and have been for months. Now we are on equal grounds."

A tap on his shoulder, and Frederick turned. There stood Lady Jane Chesney. He raised his hat, and she could not help being struck with the nobility of the glowing countenance turned to her, the fearless truth of the large grey eyes. "You are Master Grey, I believe. Do you know that I have heard every syllable you said to Mr. Carlyon?"

"I cannot help it, Lady Jane. Though I am sorry; and had I been aware any one was within hearing, I might have restrained my words."

"You surely cannot believe what you said; you must have spoken in the heat of passion. It is underhanded of him, I acknowledge it, secretly to fan the feeling against your father."

"Lady Jane Chesney—I beg your pardon, but do you think me capable of saying what I did to him, unless I believed it? I do believe it; I have believed it ever since that night. Not that I have any reason, or what might—be called reason," he hastily added: "it is but an instinct within me that seems to tell me so."

"Do you remember that—although we are at variance and I do not like him—he is my brother-in-law?"

"Yes. I am sorry that you heard what passed. Perhaps, Lady Jane, you will be kind enough to let it be as though it had not been heard."

"I will," said Lady Jane. "And in return allow me to recommend you not to give utterance to sentiments so dangerous, unless you have better cause. Some men—I do not know that Mr. Carlyon is one—would take summary vengeance upon you, or might bring you before the law to make you prove your words. Be more discreet for the future."

"Thank you," he answered, his sunny smile returning to him. "It is a bargain, Lady Jane." And replacing his hat, for he had stood bare-headed during the interview, he vaulted away down the hill, throwing the broken pieces of cane into the road as he ran.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The *Washington Star*, speaking of Washington's heroic conduct at the battle of Princeton, says:—"The repose of the hero at this moment of imminent peril to his life contrasts admirably with the fearful agitation manifested by his noble *but unreasoning steed, who is sustained by none of the considerations which impart courage to the hero and the Christian.*"

☞ It has been said that a people, patient under the pressure of unjust laws and heavy taxation, are less likely to revolt from these causes, than they would be were an ordinance to be promulgated for everybody to wear a particular colored night-cap. We agree with this. Even hatred and indignation are qualities less potent than ridicule; and the latter we hold to be essential in all revolutions, be they undertaken against whatever tyrant they may be.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

FASHION.

A lady correspondent of one of the dailies says:—

Some ladies connected with an amateur musical association of this city, concluded to gratify the lords of creation by appearing at a musical soiree given last week, without these same much abused hoops. They did so; and although they were ladies of fine forms, and dressed in other respects with much taste, alas! they were shorn of their glory. The ladies themselves were rather pleased with the result of their experiment, but their lords and masters (the most of them possessing such incumbrances) declared that, after all, the ladies were the best judges of what was becoming to them, and begged they would go back to first principles.

This shows how perverted the taste of even sensible men may become through the force of habit. It has always been the same even with the most ridiculous fashions.

Men "first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But this vitiation of the masculine taste is by no means general, as far as crinoline is concerned. The general feeling of mankind is decidedly against it. For our part, to see a finely-formed lady, without hoops, is almost an equal pleasure in these days to seeing a fine statue. Of course no sensible man wishes his wife or sister to make herself conspicuous by setting *any* general custom, however absurd, at defiance. He may prevail upon her in the privacy of home, to discard her hoops, but in the world she must dress, in moderation, as the rest of the world does. Not the less, however, does he despise such a tasteless, inconvenient and vulgar fashion.

Apropos to this subject, we may be allowed to hope that some of these days, we shall have a President whose wife will be able to do the country great service, by regulating its fashions. With a lady possessing beauty, accomplishments, and the talent of society at the White House, much might be done to Americanize the fashions that come to us from Paris. It would be a noble triumph for a woman of good sense and high spirit, to make her circle at Washington the arbiter of costume for this Western world. Such a Republican breakwater against the tide of foreign frippery and folly, that often sets upon us from the old world, is greatly needed. Really, in considering who is to be elected the next President, it may be worth while to consider what kind of a wife he is blessed with. As for bachelor candidates, they should never be elected without giving a pledge to marry within the first three months of the Presidential term.

TECHNICAL INNOCENCE.—Daniel G. Potter was acquitted in Wisconsin, on a charge of robbery, because the indictment read "twenty dollar gold pieces," instead of "double eagles," the legal name of the coin.

One day some decision of the courts will cause all men to exclaim, how wonderfully elastic is the Law; the next day, some decision like the above, will cause all to exclaim at its wonderful want of elasticity. The idea of acquitting a man on such a miserable quibble as the above! Such practices of the regular courts often lead directly to Lynch Law—for, whatever else may be said of the court of Judge Lynch, a defendant would know better than even to plead such twaddle in his court. It would be taken at once as a confession, not only of guilt, but of unblushing impudence into the bargain.

MRS. ANNE T. WOOD, well known as one of our best translators, has translated from the French the "Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans," which is soon to be published by Messrs. Follett & Foster, of Columbus, Ohio. She is now engaged in rendering into English the "Romance of the Mummy," a French work highly commended as a vivid picture of Egyptian life in the days of Moses, which will be issued by the same house.

A CORRESPONDENT asks how plants are mesmerized. We cannot say, and think the statement that it has been done, extremely doubtful.

THE BRAIN.—The *Boston Medical Journal* says:—

When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul.

The drunkard, therefore, it seems, by his habitual intemperance not only hardens his heart, but his brain also. If this be so, it would be interesting to learn from the medical authorities, whether inebriates ever die from "softening of the brain"—that calamity to which those engaged in intellectual pursuits are so frequently subject. Many of the finest intellects that have ever lived, have been hard drinkers—Burns and Sheridan for instance. Their apologists, in excusing this vice, have generally imputed it to the possession of an ardent, highly nervous temperament. But, if the above assertion of the *Medical Journal* be correct, may not the craving for strong drink, in these and other similar cases, have been in part a natural demand of the tissues of the brain, to repair the softening effect of too excessive mental labor? We merely suggest the inquiry to the medical authorities; lacking ourselves the necessary information to answer it.

HORRIBLE, IF TRUE.—We find the following astounding assertion in the *Public Ledger* of this city:—

There are a number of glove manufacturers in the city of Philadelphia, though principally for men's wear, the article being of the heavy kind of gloves, made more for service than the light, flimsy articles imported for ladies' wear. The glove manufacturers generally *prepare their own skins* for making gloves, &c.

Overlooking the rather ambiguous assertion in the above that the "glove *manufacturers*" are "*principally for men's wear*," we are horrified to learn, in so many words, that "the glove manufacturers generally *prepare their own skins* for making gloves!" We have read in the books, of great personages who have tanned the skins of their enemies—but we never before read, in prose or verse, of individuals who, for the sake of mere "filthy lucre," prepared their own skins for keeping other peoples' hands warm. It is barely possible however that the writer in the *Ledger* has blundered—and, although we have heard that it is the rule of that paper never to correct mistakes, we do hope that, "for the sake of our common humanity," (as the philanthropists say,) this matter will be inquired into, and the error, if it prove one, be corrected.

THE Buffalo Commercial said in a late issue that "the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Philadelphia papers are advocating the *pro rata* bill for the New York railroads."

The Philadelphia papers, so far as we have noticed, have done nothing of the kind. The measure referred to, however, seems so reasonable, so far as we have investigated its merits, that we should not be surprised to see it pass the New York Legislature, and be followed by similar bills in Pennsylvania and Maryland. A bill of the kind has been [illegible] the Legislature of this State. It seems to us that in competing for the Western trade, the great railroads are doing a serious injustice to the agricultural and other interests of the States in which they are located. There is no reason why the Western portions of New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland should not have the full benefit of their contiguity to the Eastern markets. "Fair play is a jewel."

"GLUTTONS AND WINE BIBBERS."—This phrase—a scriptural one—was somehow suggested to us lately, when reading an account of a recent feast in Paris, at which twenty "*gentlemen*" ate a dinner that cost them $65 a piece, or $1,300 in all. These twenty "gentlemen," it is also said, emptied 100 bottles of wine on the occasion—averaging just five bottles each. As we "calculate," there was a waste of meat and drink by the party in question, amounting to at least $1,280—which would have furnished a good dinner to over five thousand hungry mouths. Supposing that these "gentlemen," had done as the Scripture advises, and feasted five thousand of "the poor, the maimed, and the blind," instead of cramming and pouring $1,300 down their own rapacious throats, would it not have been productive of pleasanter and less headachy thoughts the next morning? We think so.

TAXATION.—In answer to "A Stranger," we may say that there is a State tax on Mortgages and all other moneys at interest in Pennsylvania, of about ½ per cent. This tax is, however, very unequally assessed—as there is no power given to make tax-payers divulge the amount of their personal property, and therefore the great bulk of it escapes the notice of the assessors. This city does not tax personal property, and, in not doing so, acts wisely. It would probably be merely an additional sop to the politicians, without ultimately lessening the taxation on real estate a particle. The right plan is to raise but a moderate amount of money, and force the authorities to cut their coats according to the cloth.

TAN BARK.—Mr. T. H. B., of Moundsville, Virginia, wishes some information respecting the virtues of Tan Bark as a manure. Tan, we have seen it stated, is used in gardening in making hot beds—and perhaps some one of our readers can give our correspondent full information upon the subject.

THE PHILADELPHIA MERCURY.—Mr. J. H. Trgart has purchased the interest of J. P. Magill in the *Mercury*, and the firm is now Jones & Taggart. The new firm have our wishes for their best success.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes,
And fragrant meadow breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things!
And they never understand a word
Of all the robin sings. —*W. D. Howell.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION, OR THE PRESERVATION OF FAVORED RACES IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. By T. BABINGTON MACAULAY. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A TRIP TO CUBA. By Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY. A Hand-book for Ladies and Gentlemen. Rudd & Carleton, New York

ANSWER TO HUGH MILLER AND THEORETIC GEOLOGISTS. By THOMAS A. DAVIES. Rudd & Carleton, New York.

COMPENSATION; OR, ALWAYS A FUTURE. By ANNE M. H. BREWSTER. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE RIVALS; A TALE OF THE TIMES OF AARON BURR AND ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By HON. JERE. CLEMENS. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE HORSE-TAMER IN PARIS—AN ODD STORY.

PARIS, Jan. 26, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The curiosity of Paris sight-seers is being gratified principally, just now by Americans; directly, by the *seances* which Mr. Rarey, the famous horse-tamer, has been giving at the Circus Napoleon, and indirectly, by the appearance of the equally famous preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, of London celebrity, who has been engaged by the Americans resident in Paris, to preach three sermons in the new Chapel which they have just finished building in this city. The Reverend gentleman whose discourses will no doubt attract immense throngs, is only able to give three week days to his Paris admirers; every Sunday, for the next two years, being engaged in different parts of England.

The exhibitions of his system of horse-taming just given by Mr. Rarey, have been exceedingly well attended. The Circus is an immense circular building, on the Boulevard, capable of seating several thousand spectators; and it was well-filled on each occasion. Rarey is a man of somewhat common appearance, but with a very intelligent face, and possessing herculean strength of limb and muscle; his agility and address being equal to his strength of limb, and his self-possession and coolness being apparently superior even to his other physical advantages. He operated on several horses said to be very vicious, one of them, a mare, kicking, screaming, and trying to bite with a violence and perseverance that indicated anything than a manageable temper. Another horse experimented on, was declared by its owner to have killed three men since it came into his possession. The "method" employed by Mr. Rarey is now almost too well-known to call for minute description; suffice it to say, that it consists in getting the animal to feel that his tamer is really his superior and master, and that it is useless for him to endeavor to struggle against a power by which he is so completely baffled.

To suppose that vicious creatures like those which we have just seen subdued to lamb-like gentleness by Rarey, can be permanently cured of their vices by a single lesson, I cannot believe; and it seems to me indisputable that a long course of this peculiar training must be necessary, before a really violent and stubborn animal can be radically cured of his tendency to mischief and self-will. But the methods by which Mr. Rarey proceeds are exceedingly ingenious, and perfectly calculated to convince the animal that man is stronger than he is. To put this conviction into the animal's mind, and at the same time to show him that you do not wish to hurt or injure him, but, on the contrary, that you wish to be kind to him, and do him good, is the aim and end of all that he does, and of all the instructions he gives to his pupils.

Man being the natural master, guiding intelligence, and Providence of the horse, as of all the inferior races that people our planet, the horse, according to Rarey, is happier in finding his master than he could be without him, *provided* the action of his master be kind, gentle, and adapted to the needs and instincts of the horse. Make him feel that you have him utterly in your power, and that your power is kindly, and the horse is your happy and affectionate servant henceforth.

Mr. Rarey asserts—and judging from what I have now seen, I should think with truth, that the horses he has tamed, are all fond of him. May there not be, though perhaps unconsciously on his part, something of magnetism in all the pattings and strokings with which he softens the uncompromising mastership which he imposes on the horse.

Not being able to speak French, Mr. Rarey was attended on his first appearance by an interpreter, unfortunately an Englishman, and speaking French very imperfectly. The exasperation of the spectators at this annoyance was very great; but as their ill-temper did not tend to mend the matter, they took another tack, and applauded the bungling translator; the more stupidly he bungled, the louder and longer being the laughter and clappings with which they greeted his efforts. All this noise not being just what the exhibited wanted, and fearing also that the horse might be rendered more nervous and excitable thereby, Mr. Rarey at length requested the audience to abstain from making a noise while he was manipulating, lest the process should be interrupted by the alarm all this uproar was calculated to cause to the animal. This request the stupid interpreter was only able to transmit to the public in the following form:—

"Messieurs, Monsieur Rarey fears the effect of this noise on the horse, and he therefore begs you *not to applaud in that attitude*," meaning, "while the house remains in his present position;" but that meaning not being necessarily, or indeed legitimately, deducible from the French employed by the interpreter, the public chose to take it literally, and a storm of cries broke forth in consequence, "*Imbecile! idiot! farceur!*" the people cried from every part of the house, "if we must not applaud *in this attitude*, will you tell us what attitude Mr. Rarey wishes us to take?" And so they cried and shouted, bringing out every joking question they could think of on the subject, until the laughter and clapping of hands drowned the voices of the jesters.

On his second appearance, Mr. Rarey had an equally incompetent interpreter, and one whose voice was inaudible in the higher tiers. This time the public was less indulgent; and after a few ineffectual attempts to get him to speak louder, the audience raised such a terrific storm of cries, that the man was obliged to leave the ring, loud cries of "You don't care for your auditors! You have got our money, and that's all you want. We have a right to know what you are saying. Get an interpreter!" were raised at intervals throughout the *seance*; and Rarey was several times compelled to interrupt his doings by the violence of the outburst. Now the public had an evident right to the services of a competent interpreter; and it is to be regretted that one was not provided. But though unable to follow the running explanations given by Mr. Rarey as he went on, the success of his action on the animals was too brilliant not to call forth repeated expressions of satisfaction from his audience; and the exhibitions terminated, on both occasions, amidst repeated rounds of enthusiastic applause.

A funny little world, it is truly, that we live in. Whatever may be the intellectual, moral, social, and political *status* of the new "inter-Mercurial Planet" for the honor of whose discovery French and English astronomers are now wrangling, it is hard to imagine that it can be afflicted with greater absurdities and difficulties than ours! Here is an extract, *verbatim et literatim*, from a letter which I have just received from a friend, one of the cleverest, most intelligent, and most upright women I have ever known, and wife of a *savant* of European reputation. To think that, for all the ages this poor little planet of ours has been spinning through space, its people have not yet been able definitely to prove or disprove, the popular belief in ghostly apparitions. What my friend thinks on the subject, however, her letter will show.

She writes as follows:—

"In June we went to a queer little house at H——, which we engaged for four weeks. It was a strange, old, crazy place, and had formerly been a retreat of Mrs. Clarke and 'similar characters.' It contained one strange little room at the back, on the upper floor. Thereby hangs a tale.

"This airy room, or hole, was approached, interiorly, through two other queer rooms, one of which enters it by a step; externally, it was entered by a wooden staircase outside the house, the door of which, glazed, forms the only window to the room. My children's maid, Emma, a rather intellectual and 'strong-minded' young woman, slept for the first night in this room. My girls slept in the adjacent ones, and the three boys on the floor below. Next day, Emma begged me to allow her not to sleep again in that room, saying that she had not closed her eyes all night. I, supposing that the bed was uncomfortable, or the room hot, of course complied. Some nights after, Caroline, a country girl who had once lived in my service, came from the country to do some needlework for us. But she found matters worse than Emma had done. When she had been half an hour in the bed, she got up, declaring that 'no money should keep her there.' She described the sound of a person breathing and groaning near the bedstead, (which stood a little way from the fireplace,) and other strange noises. I then found from Emma that it was her consciousness of *a presence* in the room which had kept her awake, though she did not hear the noises so distinctly. Sarah, the cook, came over to H—— soon after; but I could not think of making her sleep in the little room, and so she was put into the next one, but without hearing anything of what had happened, for she was not on speaking terms with Emma. But she could not sleep even there. A tight bandage seemed to be bound round her head, and she lay in a damp chill. William (the eldest son, utterly skeptical with regard to 'supernaturalisms,') who tried it afterwards, experienced the same sensations. Well, two days before we left the house, Miss G——, a *clairvoyante*, came in quite unexpectedly, having been living for years in the Isle of Man. I told her I really thought the house was haunted; but did not indicate any room. She went up the little external staircase for fun; but no sooner entered the little room than she stood transfixed, pale and staring. We got her down stairs as well as we could, almost carrying her, and she said that she had seen, by the fireplace, a small, young, female form, kneeling, with her hands clasped and raised, a large stain of blood on her white night-dress, and a pool of blood on the floor. A man also passed her on the stairs, dragging up a young woman by her hair.

"I did not tell the children this, but was very thankful to get away from the place. Then we engaged our present beautiful house, and early in August we left poor old C—— street. A woman who came here from H—— to make up furniture for the new house, and who is very deaf, told me, without having heard one word of what had happened there to us, that the house we had taken at H—— is never long inhabited, and that it has the reputation of being haunted; that a former owner, or occupant, had kept a young wife there, dragging her about, and treating her very cruelly, till her death, attended with strange mysterious circumstances, released her.

"What do you think of that?"

"Three weeks after we left H—— the chimney and fireplace of *that room*, and no other, fell in. I have since learned from other persons in the place that the legend is a very old one; and the house now stands untenanted, with its ghostly reputation."

So much for an odd story; who can say what amount of truth there may, or may not, be in it. That my friend is utterly incapable of inventing it, is a point on which none who knew her could have the shadow of a doubt; but what an upsetting of all one's theories, and what a plunge into the bottomless abyss of perplexity and horror, would be implied in the belief of the truth of such a story!

QUANTUM.

BERKELEY ON AMERICA.

The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, who lately went hunting buffalo on the prairies, being safely home again, is now engaged telling our British cousins what he thinks of us Yankees. We quote from his opening articles—which we think highly amusing—in the *London Field*, as follows:—

INCREDULITY OF THE AMERICANS.—No man who signs himself of whatever rank is generally believed to be the person he represents himself to be until some other man in America introduces him according to the signature he has given out. The President is not believed to be the President, and Mr. Cobden is not believed to be the free-trade orator, when on travel, unless, like sharks, they have a pilot-fish or "man in black" to verify or proclaim their individuality—hence no one believed in me.

HIS GUNS.—My luggage, then, all on board the tender, an officiating and officious man laid his hand on a deal box in which some of my guns were packed, and to which a card was nailed specifying of what the package consisted, and demanded payment or freightage for that lot. To this demand I returned a flat refusal, saying that the guns were part of my personal baggage for use, and not for sale, and that I would not pay for them. He then asked, "What I could do with so many guns; a man could only shoot with one?" I replied, "That proved *his* ignorance, for just as a man might put on a thick or a thin coat according to the weather, I took into my hand a different weapon according to the size of the game. He might just as well charge a carpenter for his tools or chisels as charge me for my guns, so I would certainly not pay one farthing." By this time he had had opportunity to spell my name, and, apparently laughing at the idea of the carpenter, he desisted from any further attempt to move me out of money.

The arms that I took with me to the plains were my two old favorite double shot guns, of eleven gauge, made by John Manton, of Dover-street renown, and which I had shot with for thirty years, and my old favorite single rifle, of a similar period, from the same master-hand. To these were added a double shot gun, most splendidly put out of hand by Mr. Pape, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, slightly less in gauge than eleven, and a double breech-loading rifle, with the conical ball, by the same maker—also a first-rate article, needing no additional cap, the cap being contained in the cartridge; a breech-loading carbine by Mr. Prince, of London, on the pattern of that arm for cavalry, but made to carry a heavier ball, for the benefit of the buffalo or bison, and to which special service I intended to address it. These, with a powerful double rifle, made by Collins, lent me with a revolver by Captain Bathurst, of the Grenadier Guards, and a splendid East India dirk, or *couteau de chasse*, kindly put into my hands by Colonel Brown, made my arm-chest an ample one, and fitted me out with every sort of weapon or firearm that sport or danger might require. In alluding to my weapons I must not forget a perfect long hunting or clasp knife, which had been given to me, containing, besides its trenchant blade, a lancet, tweezers, and corkscrew, all very useful things in forest, field, or camp.

A GOOD CASE.—The first thing that a traveller ought to do on board a packet is to look to the due arrangement of his luggage, and before it is all stowed away in the "hold" assigned it, to point out to the steward that part of it which is necessary to his personal comfort on the voyage, and which can be put in his private cabin. As an article of the greatest use in carrying clothes, as well as for its extreme comfort in other respects, let me advise every traveller to come, whether male or female, to provide for themselves an oval shaped tin bath, or packing-case bath, with [illegible] rent, at the corner of Albermarle street, in Piccadilly, and it not only gave me the fresh sea wave of the Atlantic every morning throughout my voyages for my bath, but it was the only packing-case I had that completely withstood the brutal and dishonest usage of the baggage-masters on the American railways, as well as the rough but fair wear and tear of wagon-carriage during my camping out on the plains of the far West. These sort of packages not being universal, or at least much delighted in by travellers in the United States, I shrewdly suspect that the men in the baggage-cars on the railway regarded my tin bath as a magazine of gunpowder or combustible matter, and not as a package containing anything they could steal, if by knocking it intentionally about they could start the lock. Hence, for their own personal safety, as well as for the non-expectation of gain, I believe arose the immaculate state in which it returned to England.

ON BOARD SHIP—YES SIR—LONG BOW FOR LYING.—Every person, of whatever degree, from the United States seemed pleased to make my acquaintance, and proffer me the hand of good-fellowship. "Yes, sir;" I can't help using these two words in confirmation of this, though they—some of our cousins over the water—use them so repeatedly and oddly when they mean nothing confirmatory at all.

There was scarcely one of these gentlemen that did not give me a hearty invitation to his house, and press me to come there, many of them adding, "You can't mistake my house, as my name is up in large letters over the door. Yes, sir." During the voyage my dogs were an object of interest to all, and I was requested to let them come in fine weather to the upper deck; but I did not do so, for had a lady's glove or handkerchief blown over the side of the ship, dear Brutus would have leaped after it, and Druid is never safe among strangers. With the sailors my dogs were such favorites that no orders I could enforce would prevent their getting too fat; every jolly fellow would give them a "bit of his grub" whenever he had any himself, and this with confinement militated much against condition. The dogs were all sea-sick, and so was the ship's cow; so no disgrace to the sea-going stomachs of my kennel! The only occasion on which I had cause to be angry during the voyage out was when from the upper deck I heard all my dogs raving with fury, Druid's and Brutus's voices being of course predominant. I knew that my servant George suffered from the sea, so my attention was always alive to the things he had under his charge, but could not duly look to. On going forward, to my astonishment, I found an elderly cabin passenger, grey enough to have known better, stirring my favorites up with a stick, and amusing himself with their fury at not being able to punish him. "Ho, sir!" I exclaimed, as I arrived unexpectedly at his elbow, "don't you think there's danger in thus teasing my inoffensive dogs, with the deep sea so near?" He colored, said nothing, and walked away, and I never had further occasion to notice him, or complain of such wanton aggression.

I had not been long in the society of gentlemen from the United States before I learned that to tell untruths was not to lie. To tell an American "he lies," is to bid him draw a knife or revolver; but pleasingly to show him that you guess "he's pitching it in considerable smart," and departing from unsmart fact, is no insult whatever. "Do you shoot with rifle?" said one of my conversationally playful friends to me. "Yes," I replied. "Guess you think then you're a pretty good shot," he continued. "Guess I do," was the rejoinder. "Guess you'll not come up to our Kentucky men," continued my companion; "and better not try your hand there unless you can come nigh their doings." "What do they do?" I inquired. "Just this, yes, sir; they place an old pea rifle barrel horizontally at one hundred yards, and then with their other rifle fill up the small barrel with bullets without missing a shot, I reckon; yes, sir!" "I can't do that," I replied; "yet I have not the least fear but that at the living thing they will not get far ahead of me." "Reckon we shall see," and my friend then whistled and walked the upper deck.

MY DOG BRUTUS.—One darling incident occurred in regard to my retriever Brutus, which must not be passed over. All my dogs were, of course, in their more gentle feelings outraged and distressed by confinement; they wondered, naturally enough, why they were, on board the ship, denied that association with me which they had in their own nice home. On a fine day during the voyage, when all the passengers were reanimated and in possession of the due application of their legs to the motionless deck of our smoothly-going ship, a very nice young lady from the United States took my arm to pay a visit to my four-footed companions, and she had on a colored dress, whose hue I was doomed to see remembered by Brutus as well as myself. When we approached, Brutus was lying like a sphinx, with his head between his fore arms and his nose between the bars of his cage or kennel. The instant he caught sight of the young lady on my arm there was no mistaking who he took her for. The soul by man denied to the dog was in his eyes, and in affection and expectation to be set at large, trembling all over, he met the hand the young lady put to the bars that confined him, but what a revulsion in his manner! He, on the instant, knew it was not the hand of happier hours, and, with a growl, he drew back to the rear of his hutch, while my pretty companion asked me *why* he was so cross. I did not tell her; and then, having inspected the other dogs, we resumed the upper deck.

AMERICAN RIDERS.—In my way to the Clarendon Hotel I passed Grace Church, which was the handsomest place of worship of any that I saw in New York, and the equestrian statue of Washington, of infinitely better execution than any similar attempt to perpetuate in stone the likeness of king or hero in the squares of the metropolis of England. The seat and attitude of the rider, and the action in which the horse is represented, may well shame those English artists who have indulged in all sorts of stony projections termed equestrian in the mother country. This surprises me now more than it did when I first saw it, and raises a suspicion in my mind that a man of the old country, and not a citizen of the *new*, must have sat a horse by way of model for the artist's chisel, inasmuch as the seat of the statue of Washington on his horse partakes more of the English than of the American style (with the exception of some of the officers of the army of the United States; among those I have seen grace and strength combined;) the new country riders resemble in their seats tongs astride a saddle, with their toes scarcely touching the sort of fire-shovel or small coal-box things they call stirrups.

GRASS GROWING IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—As I arrived at the Clarendon Hotel, I perceived that the Ailanthus, as well as the weeping willow, grew by the sides of the foot-pavements of many of the streets, planted in such situations for the purpose of protection from the sun; and that almost all the lesser thoroughfares leading from the Broadway and principal squares, to other parts of the town, were left in an impassable a state of rough and neglected paving that the only conclusion a stranger could come to was, that in this dollar-dealing New World all the bye-streets were the property of the coachmakers, and, as a natural consequence, they were kept in that dilapidated state to fracture the springs of their customers' carriages and to increase a coach-making demand. In those streets also grass was growing up between the flags on the foot-ways, giving to the vicinity, state of carriage-way also considered, an idea of desolation that was disagreeable.

HOURS OF EATING.—The hours for dinner in America are peculiarly inconvenient and [illegible] in their arrangement, either for business, health, or pleasure; and the waste of time consequent on their fixtures is so evident, that in a mercantile nation it is scarce possible to understand why there has not come about a wholesome reformation. It is curious, but in their hours of dinner and breakfast they seem to cling to the daily usages of a bygone era, as well as to those of what were originally, and which are now in England, the hurried meals of the mere working classes. In this they resemble or keep pace with their errors in the classification or names of birds and beasts, though of course among their very clever and well-informed gentlemen and professors there are those that equal our zoologists in England. Thus they generally and locally adhere to the first names given by the first Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotsmen who landed on their shores, to the birds they first saw doing duty for birds of similar habits and size to those in the old countries from which they came.

The wood grouse in America is called "the pheasant;" the grouse of the plains "a chicken;" and the bird a little larger than the English migrating quail "the quail," though that bird is to all intents and purposes the American partridge. All these birds, brought home by me, may be seen in the window of the office of THE FIELD, in conjunction with the woodcock of America, which is not only of a different shade of plumage, but also less in size than ours. There is another bird of the grouse species which I did not meet with alive, larger than any of the rest, called the "sage hen," and every one of these I am perfectly satisfied could be acclimatised in this country. Indeed, acclimatising they would not need; the gold and silver pheasant show that it is not the peculiarity of clime nor gorgeous feather that makes the rule; the food is the great difficulty. I have convinced myself that the food in England and the nature of the ground is precisely that which would suit the grouse and the partridge of the plains and woods of the United States.

To return to the method of life in America. The *table d'hote* for breakfast usually commences at six in the morning and terminates at ten, and that for dinner from one in the day till five in the afternoon. Between whiles there is a most liberal tea and supper, so those who have the appetite and digestion of an ostrich can continue mastication all day long.

In many of the towns and cities the merchants dine at two o'clock, when, as many of their private houses are distant one or two miles from their stores or places of business, any one may well imagine the amount of time lost in going to and coming back from the points in question. Indeed, these gentlemen lose what in England would be called the best of the day.

Often did I attempt to combat these erroneous regulations thus existing among my hospitable friends, and jokingly point out to them not only their loss of time in locomotion, but the fact that they were fitter men for the affairs of merchandise or dollars when their cheeks were cool, their stomachs empty, and their brains free to calculation, than they were when oppressed by dinner, flushed, and jovially happy. It was all in vain! They would not permit innovation nor the introduction of reform even into their means of health or wealth; so I frequently dined when I was *not* hungry, and was made hopelessly to essay the digestion of the "devil and all his imps," who were dancing a polka for my punishment, for the sins of others, on my breast throughout the night.

SERVANTS—POPULAR RIGHTS—DISCUSSION, &c.—I advise all travellers to New York to go to the Clarendon Hotel; it is clean and generous, attentive and good, and cannot be surpassed by any hotel, all things considered, that I ever had the pleasure of being in. The charges for room and eating are sufficiently moderate for the comfort enjoyed, and I was surprised at the price that was demanded, until I cast my eye over the cost of wine. That was infinitely dearer than in England, the wine no better, and oftener not so good, and of course that made very well up, for the moderate suffering imposed for other things. The servants, male and female, in the hotel—indeed, it is the case throughout America—were mostly Irish; it is, and one not far off day will terribly be, the curse of that splendid New World, that its own native hands are too democratically set up or foolishly and proudly insane to earn their honest livelihood by the fair and highly remunerated employment offered by their own country! What a lesson *that ought to be* to those English democrats and selfishly-prominent demagogues as to the boasted "blessings of universal suffrage," and what they call the "popular rights" of mankind. The old adage of the "beggar on horseback" is not inapplicable to the state of things a view of what ought to have been the laboring classes in America, afforded me, and in my opinion the true interests of a country cannot be long maintained when all are masters and none are men; and a majority returned to Congress not by the wealth and intelligence of the nation, but by the houseless and despotic, desperate, and wandering class—a coercion exercised over the free use of the conscience by numbers armed with the revolver and rifle. To talk of the undue influence by landlords in England over their tenants, their tenants having many an interest *in common* with their landlords, is as a mere drop of water in the sea compared to the tyranny exercised by the "Boh-Hoys" and "Rowdies" over the freedom of universal suffrage; and when I read the incubrations of Messrs. Bright and Cobden at the reform meetings, as they are called, when they hold up, I fear, the disuniting States of America as a pattern to this country, I am at a loss what to do—to marvel at the mistake of these orators, or to laugh at the impudence of the attempt to lean a weight on the most fragile lath that ever was put forth as a walking-stick for John Bull. A man has but to travel in America and to mix with all classes, to see the errors in the system of what may be called the universal suffrage of an irresponsible people. "A king can do no wrong;" that is a curious adage, and may be a legal truth, though it cannot be a religious one; and on closely regarding the law and its general enforcement in the United States, the same may be illegally said of the American people, "The people can do no wrong;" and that fact will, eventually, I fear, be "the knife" that will "sever the bundle of sticks," though accursed ought forever to be the hand that severs the unity of a splendid citizenship that can only fall to pieces by suicide, or by an insane intoxication produced by too much liberty. Liberty is a beautiful thing in the social as well as the political or public system throughout the world; but if a man takes too great liberties in private society, liberty destroys the delicacy of life, and leads, if unchecked, to demoralization. The same result is, at this moment, hanging by a thread over the prosperity of America; the people are drunk with liberty already, to the destruction of the best of all blessings—the ample and remunerative employment of the industrial poor. In the States two interests have clashed, and are clashing, fomented, I deeply regret to say, by clever and popular writers from England, one of whom was made to believe, during his visit to America, that slave-owners marked their slaves in the United States by "knocking out a front tooth;" and another, an authoress, assured us that slave-owners might always be recognized by the size of their right hand, the muscular proportions and weight of which "were increased from their constant habit of knocking down their negroes." The slave question, which has already led to so much bloodshed, as well as to the pilot balloon sent forth to test how the wind blew, in the shape of "Old Brown," is the *bete noir* on the horizon of the United States. With that looming on them at this very moment, and the intoxicated state, in regard to liberty, of the masses, the numerical insufficiency of the standing army, though [illegible] and gentlemen, sons of America, the fact that that army is a strange or foreign force, comprised of foreigners, and not of American citizens, and the contempt in which many of the laws of Congress are held, punishment uncertain, and immunity from convicted murder purchased by money, any man with a head on his shoulders who has travelled in America cannot but fear that the mere weight of a feather thrown into the scale may bring about a collision that will lead to the most terrible results. Many friends of mine in America, among them a widely experienced and most gallant and able soldier, assure me that they do not dread disunion, for all the confusion at hustings, murder, and even petty civil wars that have been, and are still, notorious. According to their opinion the men of the slave and anti-slavery States, when the hour of disunion arrives, know well that in disunion lies an individual ruin, and they will do anything rather than cut the withe that binds them unitedly together. In this opinion, may heaven grant that my friends in America may be correct; but, as my sporting narrative proceeds, I shall have it in my power to show many a little circumstance, slight perhaps in itself, that tends, when considered in the aggregate, to show grounds for apprehension that things within America are far from peaceful in their attitude, and that there is nothing so dangerous as liberty insufficiently restrained, or a suffrage so universal that property and life lie at the mercy of an irresponsible multitude.

DESPOTISM OF THE CITY RAILROADS.—The street rails which are laid down for one particular class of these cumbrous nuisances are the greatest eyesore and objections to other travel that can possibly exist. Thank heaven, London is not yet grown so tyrannically democratic as to tolerate such an incubus on the locomotive freedom of the world. How intensely I have been amused at the things the streets afforded, so utterly at variance with the nonsense talked about the "national and beneficial equality of the American people!" Lumbering along rails, tyrannising over all other wheeled conveyances, there you have a cheap omnibus; and when I demur at being shut up with "Rowdies" and "Boh-Hoys" all of them spitting in chorus between their knees, my democratic friend, who shows me the town, assures me that in the land of freedom *there can be* but one price and *one* vehicle for *all*. "Well, then," I remark to him, "wonder not at my surprise, when fully impressed with this levelling idea on coming into New York, I saw drawn up at the side of a street or square what I deemed to be a lot of little Lord Mayor's coaches, bedizened with plated metal, silver, lace, and other profuse decorations, and learned that these were two-horse 'hack carriages,' on the stand *for public hire*, and not for the locomotion of civil dignitaries, and, above all, that the cost of the hire of these *public conveyances* put them utterly and completely *beyond the reach of any but the better and richer classes.*" Curious this; but I shall in other places have to touch on the boasted and said-to-be beneficial and national equality again.

NOTHING TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK.—MELANCHOLY FATE OF A TRAVELLER.—As far as the city went, excepting its size and bustle, there was very little to be seen, and nothing to marvel at but the monstrous size of the hotels, at one of which there was an apparatus for craning the occupants of the higher buildings up to their apartments, and in this hotel, as the story goes, "a gentleman not feeling well, had gone to bed, and ordered a cup of tea to be brought up to him. This order entailing considerable travel or a sort of treadmill on the (*Anglice*) waiter, that gentleman being of course free in every sense of the word, hated trouble, so he put the order on one side, and the tea was left unapplied for. Six weeks after the written request on a card for tea turned up, and the general or colonel behind the bar having issued a desire that it should be furnished to the gentleman in room 742, a waiter took it up, and found only the remains of a customer; for the gentleman who once wished for tea could not drink it, having no stomach for it, as he had been dead six weeks."

The Broadway is certainly a very fine thoroughfare—that is, when compared to the deserted by-ways and grass grown streets which lead from it; but in London it would have nothing but its length to make it remarkable, for it is not to be compared to Piccadilly.

A LARGE HOTEL A ROOKERY.—I went to see this huge building, and I found that it was not only an hotel, but also a sort of inclosure for the society it temporarily contained, inasmuch as a promenade of its inhabitants took place every evening in the long passage round the hotel; a very interesting proceeding, I should conceive, to any occupant desiring quiet. Many of the doors of the respective apartments opening into this public highway, of course the measured tread of people arm in arm was to the imaginative listener, as the march of soldiers, and while it continued rest was out of the question. Of course the larger the hotels, the greater number of loungers there are in the entrance-halls, seated in every attitude not designed by nature to give them rest—their shoulders, and at times the backs of their heads, being those portions of the human frame applied to chairs and benches used by Englishmen to best one in a more natural way. In one of these large halls, where everybody is lounging, smoking, and chewing tobacco, if all chance to cease speaking together, in that momentary silence there is precisely the same noise, but with a more filthy effect, that there is beneath a large rookery at night. The dirt from the lips of men, and the same from the rooks, in noise, quality, and quantity, are very similar.

☞ I have often thought that if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others, whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.—*Addison.*

☞ It matters little that you have the worst possible temper by nature, if you have the strongest possible control over it by philosophy.

☞ "What are you looking after, my daughter?" said an old gentleman at a Christmas party. "Looking after a son-in-law for you, father," was the witty reply.

☞ Attempts at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism; as he that struggles tightens the cords he does not succeed in breaking.

☞ THE AURORA BOREALIS EXPLAINED.—A scientific gentleman in Illinois thus gives the origin of this celestial visitor:—When the melofygistic temperature of the horizon is such as to calcinise the impurient indentation of the hemispheric analogy, the cohesion of the borax curbistus becomes surcharged with infinitesimals, which are thereby deprived of their fissural disquisitions. This effected, a rapid change is produced in the thorambumpter of the gyasticutis paterium, which causes a [illegible] *in the hexagonal antipathies of the terrestrium aequa versuli. The clouds then* become a mass of deodorumised specula of cermocular light, which can only be seen when it is visible."

☞ POETRY A CAPITAL OFFENCE!—It is thus related in Scottish annals:—"In 1579, an act was passed against idle beggars and sic as make themselves fools and bards." And the annals go on to register:—"Two poets hanged in August, under act of Parliament against bards and minstrels."

☞ All that is great and permanent and salutary on earth, is slow in its development. Hence patience has always been a prominent feature of true wisdom.

☞ Some people seem born with a head in which the thin partition that divides great wit from folly is wanting.—(*Southey*) *The Doctor.*

☞ That was a triumphant appeal of the lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

☞ Mr. Gangooly, the converted Brahmin, says that the Brahmins are very early risers—"If the sun sees one of them in bed, the fourteen generations of his ancestors will be punished in eternity!" Such an arrangement must be frightfully conducive to ghostly visitations in the small hours.

☞ A candidate for the honor of representing four Fife burghs in Parliament calling upon an honest shoemaker for his vote and influence, took the liberty of kissing the gudewife, who was a middle-aged woman, and, in doing so, he took the further liberty of slipping a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the matron. Instead of being offended by such a breach of decorum, the lady slily said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, "Gin ye like, sir, ye *may kiss my dochter, too.*"

☞ How ungrateful is man! The fire is decidedly the warmest friend man has, and yet it is, perhaps, the one he most delights to turn his back upon. But use it as he may, the fire is incapable of returning his ingratitude. One never knew the fire give one the cold shoulder.

☞ THE FIGHTING TAILORS.—In the time of George the Second, when a British army was on the continent of Europe fighting the French, a regiment of light cavalry was ordered to be raised in a hurry, and a strike among the London tailors occurring at the time, the said regiment was immediately filled up with journeymen tailors, and, when thought fit for the battle-field, they were sent to Germany, and under the famous Marquis of Granby these tailors fought on all occasions with such gallantry as not only to draw forth eulogiums from their general, but to become a positive terror to the enemy.

☞ Superintendent of the ——— Railroad (!):—But, sir, we must have repairs on the road; the cross-ties are rotten, and the rails are broken, and we endanger the lives of passengers every day we run! President:—Confound the passengers, sir! the road will have to do as it is. If we spend any more money on it before the 1st of January, we can't make our semi-annual dividend of four per cent.

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh-ride in the sparkling, bracing air of a Canadian winter! The sky clear and exhilarating—keenly bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from that of a bright summer's day. Broad expanding plains—the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to the music of their chiming bells, make for the broad, boundless country. The fir-forests are clasped in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless funereal groves where the wolves aggregate in hundreds. To the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down to the river, which is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King. Ahead, and right before us—whither we are bound—over waste, and plain, and clearing—lies a snugly sheltered village, the head-quarters of the "lumberer" and the *voyageur*. Our destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broadly-spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless out-houses, consisting of cattle-sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofings for winter-fodder, wood-stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all pallisaded by zig-zag fences, as so many out-works to protect the comfortable citadel. Within it, warm fires blaze and sparkle from the huge and odorous logs crackling on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Bearded men and fair women are there—laughing maidens, and strapping young hunters, who have just shaken the snow off their furs at the portals. Despite the stern, yet musical baritone of the singing wind, as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rise above the boreal blasts; and our leaping sleigh, gliding—flying along rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus.

"In the meantime," asks the reader, "who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to answer.

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick Harding by name, but a few months back from the banks of the Isis, with the "bar" in prospect, my "governor" having a snug interest in the India House. I add a few of my personal *items*. Rather good-looking; a fair shot; a stunning "stroke-oar;" can hit with wonderful vigor straight out from the shoulder; and five-feet-ten and—growing; can play the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been one of a party of adventurous sportsmen, "going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing-tackle, spears, and "shooting-irons," had done no inconsiderable execution among the denizens of the Canadian woods and sounding "rapids," and hunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastnesses.

Enough of myself. Now for my companions.

Place aux Dames therefore—for nestling by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville—a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother and the French father were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had exercised their sorcery upon me ere this; and the modulations of a voice unequalled for its low, soft sweetness, completed the young Byron's triumph. This by the way; for we had exchanged no confidences as yet on a subject very near to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy-gap Farm—ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deer-hound, the third "individual," who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known her brother—a young officer in the Canadian Rifles—had killed "bar" at the "Salt-licks" with him; had met Lota and her family on board a St. Lawrence steamer, and was now a guest at their house, enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hurrah!" Through the keen, sonorous air, sleigh and horses bound along! "Cling—clang!" go the chiming bells. "Crick—crack!" goes the long-thonged whip, with a sharp, cheery, significance. My "Madawaska Carlole," a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less perfection than the fiery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive.

Driving sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, *when you are used to it*. I was a member of the "Tandem Club," and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went "crick—crack!" like a double-barrel going off, and the sweet bells sang and chimed. "Oh! sweet echoes of far-distant wedding-bells," I thought—and the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond-dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the "runners;" and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bear-skins, and warm as a toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Harding!" she said.

"If I don't——." "Crick—crack!" filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phœbus Apollo never drove their like down the steeps of heaven! The wily Ithacan never "raised" such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses! "Crick—crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I remark, to myself, that the sky has deepened into an intense, still, darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrous inkiness, betokening a coming snow-storm. No matter—"Windy-gap" is right a-head, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go—but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—it's all right!

"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry, from its *encadrement* of white cosy furs.

"Oh! *so* comfortable," she answered, with a nestling movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward.

But my attention was called away to the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not day-light, but *blue*-light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather. This only made the long level plains of snow gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering sense.

I had never (familiar as we had grown, and I was "honest as the skin between your brows," as she was in fact)—I had never said "*dear* Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burthen. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair—not up to the mark of my manhood—to take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait—choking down the words—but not for long.

Meantime, "Crick—crack!" went the long whip, and still "cling—clang" went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor, but—*where* had "Windy-gap" gone all this time, for time was up, and we should be there by this!

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks; we shall have more snow—a heavy fall too."

"I fear so," I replied, "but *n'importe*, we'll soon be out of it."

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have *lost the track*?"

The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.

"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark, presently."

"A clump of firs—an old mill, farther on; yes," she added, "I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this. Oh, I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer, and growing darker the while.

Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted up his head, and uttered a low growl. The horses gave a startled swerve just as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound came all at once from windward, wailing like a death-cry—a prolonged, awful, groaning discordance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bells broke the death-silence that fell like eclipse over all.

"What is *that*?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.

I listened.

"It is the wind sighing, and dying away in the pine forest," I answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—*what* can it be!"

Again indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth; clearer—nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible *crescendo*, howling, shrieking, and ravening, was not that of the wind this time.

"Merciful God!" gasped Lota; "THE WOLVES!"

I never understood, till that moment, what the concentrated essence of literal, deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before, or since; and I have, in my hunting excursions, faced my danger and played out the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; but the wolves! and Lota! An instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the migration or scarcity of the animals on whom these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice—were approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal howl rose lingeringly again the horses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—beginning to recover myself—in an opposite direction, while "Terror," my noble hound, stood up with every fang bared, and every hair erect, waiting for the enemy he had already scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cool; Lota was pale, but calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain that if we escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then, horror of horrors! what a fate for *her!*

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood-hatchet in the "sleigh." I conveyed my intention to Lota.

"Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer; and she loaded a "Fuller" and a "Manton" with true hunter's skill. I took one rifle—looked back—the pack was increasing. I fired, and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their ravenous comrades; and still the horses sped on.

The accursed things were, for all this, gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, trembling were at my heart as I turned to the sweet girl whose life or death were all in all to me, and said:

"Lota! if we die together, *remember that I loved you—none but you!* I tell it you now, if I may never again."

"Kill me first," she whispered; "I hear your words; I echo them. You have my heart. Richard—"

"Oh, Lota! best beloved! what a moment to confess; and I know not if I feel pain or gladness most."

"There are now no secrets between us," said Lota, smiling; "take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—sob! they come. Save me from *them* at any cost."

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us; and though the horses held bravely on, I dreaded, every instant, that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling us both; young lovers with beating hearts, forever, from that hour, interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind. I fired—and *missed* him! The next moment his huge bulk came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheeks; and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh. A flash!—a crash!—a gush of blood—and the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat, to the spine, by my brave Lota! Then I plied hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round—Oh, heaven—to spare my darling a more hideous fate, when shots and shouts rang around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid, and—we were *saved*.

Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windy-gap:" our firing reached the hearing of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were *saved;* and as I bore her fainting form into the hospitable hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to Heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon afterwards; and you may be sure I never forgot my fight with the wolves, how nobly my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat original, but *apropos*, mode in which "I Told my Love."

A LITTLE ROGUE!

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still, sentimental day:
"How I long," said I,
"But to make you cry,
And I'd kiss the bright tears away"'

Fair Cecily blush'd,
Her voice grew hush'd,
I thought she would cry to be sure:
But she lisp'd to me,
Pouting prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

J. S.

How the Iron Duke was Humbugged.—Referring to the advance from the Ebro to the Douro, the Duke stated that "he got famously taken in on that occasion. The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the provt. The case against them was clear, and I heard nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away, and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings, I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely, and next morning, sure enough, three men, in uniform, were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering. But you may guess what my astonishment was, when some months afterwards I learned, that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in hospital, they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, Duke!" was the question. "Well, I suppose I was at first; but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."—*Gleig's Life of Wellington.*

Housetop Horticulture in London.—Why not? I remember once visiting a friend and expressing admiration of a bouquet of flowers that stood on the table. The lady of the house told me that she had picked them that morning from her garden, and asked me to take a walk in it. I expressed myself tired, and promised to come another day, as I knew, or thought I knew by the situation of the house, which was closely packed amongst neighbors, that the garden must be at least half a mile distant; she laughed, and asked me to follow her. We reached the staircase window, she stopped, drew up the blind, pushed open the window, and asked me to enter. It was no dream. There, on the roof of the tenement, was the garden prettily arranged, and by trellis-work made quite private. The plants, creepers, &c., were in boxes, the lead roof covered with sand; two sides of it were shut in by the walls of the house. It looked pretty, even luxuriant; there was no glass, as that article was then rather expensive. The second time I saw anything of the sort was on the top of a house in a town in Devonshire; there were no houses to shelter or screen the sun from it, but it was roofed or arched over by a trellis-work of wood painted green. I have often admired the Ivy growing over it, and thought I should like to have such a house myself.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

☞ We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

SELECTIONS FROM THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF OUR MARY JANE.*

Saturday, *Dec.* 14.—I thought I never should get cleaned; but when a missus have no feelings for a person whatsoever, and a master have three pair of shoes cleaned a day, though the pore man have called so many times for the nine-pence for heeling, and flies fit to bite the nose off your face if it happens so be you don't shut the library door behind you, which it's no wonder, when there aint been a drop of water in the tank for a week and it have all to be dragged from the plug, though there's lots of froze-out gardingers goin about with pails on their backs crying water and fetchin it a apenny a pail—I hate such stingy ways! However, the brats is abed, and I only wish they had chilblains like me, with theirs turpentined!

But why *brats?* O Mary Jane, the momink have arrived when you may conterplate children of *your own*, a clingin on to your fireside, though I'm sure I hope I shall never have a one like that there Horise, which I certingly should be the death of if he was mine, though I was hung for him. He'd be a happy release, he would—whacking me over the ed with the bolster, and blaming me when he knowed he put his boots in the baking dish hisself! And there's Flisher (Felicia?) she's *always* in the fender; and so it's no use.

But my brain is wandering and well it may be! What is love? Evins! it gives me the creeps when I think of it! A trimmer runs through me as I reckernize the soft illusion, though why illusion I'm sure I don't know, for you get it beautifully soft at the linen-drapers at one and elevenpence. One and elevenpence! O, one moment of that other dear illusion is worth a quarter's wages! What *is* wages compared to the treasure of a loving hart, which Mr. Whiffingses is the lovingest that ever was, I'm certing, certing, certing sure! Look at his I forrud! Look at his figger! Look at them hoyes with love *is* beaming! I always said I couldn't love where there wasn't a fine ed of air; and of all the eds of air I ever *did* see, young Mr. Whiffingses is the one. The minnit I clapt eyes on him last Tuesday was a week, when out with the prambelator, I said to myself, "There's Mr. Right, if ever that person crost my path!" I declare I was so fluttered that I run the prambelator bang again his legs, soiling of his black trowsers. He smiled, the dear! such a smile!—I couldn't help looking round for the life of me, when I see at a glimpse what a lovely fall in the back he had. Then he looked round too; when I shouldn't have stoppt, only dear little Flisher began a screaming at that moment, with a pin in her back. Then he spoke, plitely offering to shove the prambelator up the hill a little ways. "With pledgure, sir," says I, quite asperpo; and the minnit he took hold of the andle, I see he was a young airdresser. Love *aint* blind. It's the sharpest thing as is.

But I writ all that before, on the very Tuesday nite, and how he gave me his card, that I keep in my bosom. "William Whiffings (William's a sweet name!) Hairdresser and Perfumer, &c. Many Observing, Key West Aesthetical Extract of Ephesians." Oh, William, what a many times I read that dear card, and what a lot of paper I did spile, writin Mrs. Whiffings all over it!

Hark! It is time for the beer! Oh, W. my heart's hidle!—if you should be waiting at the corner!

P. S. arpast 12.—*I seen him.* He seemed dreadful unappy. He mentioned blited hopes, and had a pair of white kids on. Let em blow me up! I wasn't gone ten minutes for the beer. But it'll be orkard if they don't let me go to church to-morrow evening, because William's promussed to take me to Ivory Bars.†

Sunday nite.—I give em warning slap! A pretty how-de-do! I can't spell my own name for wexation! After I dished up to a minnit; after I went on my ands and knees to break the coke up small for to make em a comforble fire; after I aired that old dressin gown of his'n till it quite smelt—the instant I mentions "May I go to church, please?" (just like that) there's a hindrance. "Oh, your master wants you to go to Mr. Tupper's in Hampton Road (that's a mile off,) and ask whether little Johnny is quite recovered his measles." *I* measled em! I says "A servant's a Christian as well as you, mam, and also flesh and blood; and I'm not goin to inquire about anybody's measles of a Sunday night, Master Tupper's nor nobody else's." At that, master—he's a thing!—jumps and says he "Leave the room, woman!" as fierce as buckram. So I says quite calm, "Don't worrit yourself, sir; I *am* going to leave the room; and I hereby give you warning; and my only wishes is, to suit yourself as soon as convenient." And out I walks as large as life. After which, he locks the street-door.

Oh, my W! what agonies I felt when I heard your dear whistle outside! what remoss stole over my frame when I see you through the blind in a white top-coat knocking rat-tats with your walking stick on the pavement! And yet ye looked so permiscus—not at all hanging about, but quite the gentleman. I thought of Ivory Bars; I pictured me and you a walking up and down the arbers arm and arm, and your sigar in your mouth, and me in my new Cobourg, and oh, praps we might have come home in a cab! Stead of which, there was you a freezin at the corner, and me with my nose as cold as icet up agin the winder. Cuss em! that's what I say, and all such cattle! Why his father only kep a shoemaker's shop, and that aint half so respectable as a perfumer. As for her! Well, when ignorance is blist!

Dec. 16, *Monday.*—The kittle didnt boil till after 9, in consequenks of the water bein froze and me takin a long time to break it. I don't care what they say, and its no matter about my caracter now; he's said everythink that's honorable, and I got the letter. When the postman he rung, and sings out loud enough for them in the parlor to hear, "*Miss* M. J. Prawler," the sterics come in my throat so strong I couldn't help crowing like a coaching china. I knew it was not mother immediate, because she only writes on the outside Mary Jane Prawler; but he *loves* me, and I told him I was lady's maid.

The letter was welcome as flowers in May; for oh what a night I had laying and tossing and worriting, what with becauses the darling might be affronted, and what with disappointment of Ivory Bars. I said to myself the very first thing I said in the morning when I woke, "Will he write?" He have, the nobul, nobul fellow; and I treasure the note as my latest breath. Twenty times have I perooked it; and when frying the sossages was so overcome that they was burnt to nothink before I come to. Let me describe it:

"*Higg's Row, Sunday, midnight.*

"My own Mary Jane,

"The hopes of my heart are always being frusterated, and ever has been. It's a continual blight with me. Fate put a evil eye on me in the cradle, and have kep it there ever since. Never mind. What odds? I'm only a poor young youth, though of noble birth; and the sooner the silent tomb closes over me, the better I shall like it. Life is nothing without asiperocated love—and mockery! However, I have a razor. Why, angel of my existence, casting a halo round my desert path, did you not come out to-night? You are not deserving me; I cannot believe *that*, though got quite a misanthroph lately, I'm so disgusted with the hollerness of my speshies. It cannot be! Falsehood would cease to reign on that alabaster brow, and virtue speaks triumpant in those azle eyes! But why not come out? I walked from Higg's Row till I was in a perfuse state of prespiration, never minding my new boots, which punished me severely. I arrived at the stated corner. No Mary Jane! I lit a navanna to compose myself, and waited in the highest impatients. No Mary, of course. I whissled moriarty; and then a police came under the lamp alongside of me, keeping his eye on me in such a impertinent manner, that if it had not been for alarming you, loved one, I should possertively have struck him. Having had no tea, it was awful cold; and there I stood under the lamp till my bosom was racked with despair like a serpent's nest for three quarters of a hour. A oath escaped my lips. I cast one maidening glance up to the winders, and strove away. My brain whirdled round! Temptation came on me! O Mary Jane, the idea crost my path, to chuck myself into a vortex of *dissipation*, and be *lost for ever*; and I was just going to enter one of those dens of infamy called gin pallices, when your image rose before me. 'No, Mary Jane!' I says, striking myself on the chest; 'No! Be you what you may to me—deceatful, treacherous, or whatever you like; but I'll keep true to the first offsprings of my affection, though it drives me to a early grave.' So I got rid of the young person, and went home to my humble roof. Mother tried to make me eat something before I went to bed (she aint *usually* so pressing,) but I only took pen and ink into my chamber to write to you. What I have to say is, as I tortuously spend the midnight lamp, do you rely love me? Do your affections in torrents flow in union with mine? If so, why not come out to-night? Let there be a end of this! You are mine, if I mistake not—mine only! You have said so with those lips of paradise, and heaven and earth doth ratify the bond. Then why not chace all obstacles away that impair our union on earth and for ever! Be mine! Mine! Prodigus word! I clasp it to my breast, where if you, dearest girl, was lying, happiness would be *too* much. Ho! then, my girl, what do you say? Have you confidence in me and the business? If so, say but one sweet word by return of post, and the bands is up! I cant say fairer than that, and less I will not. One word by return! And now I seek my palate, to dream of thee. A 1000 kisses. Adieu, till death!

"I remain, my fondest gurl,
"Yours devoted and affectionate,
"WM. WHIFFINGS, &c."

"P. S.—I strike a light to indite a few verses of poetry, which I have composed tossing on my pillow:

"I'll think of her when midnight chimes
Are birsting on my ear;
And when the moon effulgence shines,
Then I'll remember her.
When shadows flit across my path,
And all is dark and drear,
And things in any way go wrong,
Then I'll remember her."

——There, now! And me, who never had so much as a valentine in all my life, to have such a letter as that of a sudding, and a offer! It was like—oh, I don't know what it was like! I seized a oppertunity while she was a dressing (though at the time in the middle of my potatoes) and answered my W's effusion. Jugg of my feelings at a moment like this, when a woman casts the dye and can never be recalled. I said:

"16, *Ufrozinn Villas, Monday.*

"Dearest and best of Men!

"Your beautiful note came safe to hand, and I cannot, William, ascribe the sentimenks it rose in my hart. Never ask me, for I couldn't, and it don't signify. William, why doubt me? Your affections is returned with redubbled ardor. I love you, sweetest, quite delirious. I abanding myself to your disposals, willing as marters to the stake, in joy or sorrow, in health and in sickness, strewin your pathway, and smoothin your thorny pillow. William, you say if I say one word you'll put up the bands. A young girl trusts her prospects in you, and flutterin, says—Then do. Only mind you *please yourself*. Don't mind me, William! I could bear it, I dessay, though painful at first, and bringing me to a shadder. But I must now conclude. Believe me, hidle of my existence, "Yours respectfully,

"MARY JANE PRAWLER."

* * * * * * * *

Dec. 22.—I writ to mother tellin her of my engagement, and asking her to send me up the teatray with the peeock on it that she always said I should have when I got settled. I knowed the big jug I was to have too was broke that Christmas when uncle Joe hit Father over the ed with it in consequens of not sendin for another pot; but the tray I *will* have. Mothers was never young theirselves, I suppose, and their children aint flesh and blood. She's *always* writing letters like this, and I don't like it, and so I shall just tell her, neither more or less.

"Dear Mary Jane,

"Your father and me thinks you ort to be ashamed of yourself. Wot do you want of gettin married? You got a good roof for your ed, and a good bedd to lay on, and you git good wagers, and a bellifull of holesome wittles. Wot more do you want? Your father thinks you want a jolly good idin; and Godamity knows *I* don't wally the bit of drippin you sends home, or the mouthful of cold scraps for your pore little brothers and sisters, while your feedin on the fat of the land with hot jints. I dessay he's nothink but a penny barber, and yond a grate deal better have a onest mecannic like your own father, though heven knows you out to have seen enuff of matters money with him. Outerwork three inunse out of four, and never a rag to my back from ears end to ears end, and cummin home drunk reglar every Satterday night, and floorin me first thing. However, as you make your bedd, so you may lay on it. I tell you candid, it wont be any use cummin home to me after your marred, which nothing's more likely. Your little brothers and sisters shan't be robbed to stuff an apeny barber whatsoever; and so it's no use saying they shall. Little Jemmy will call to-nite for that pair of Horise's trowsers you was mentionin; he do want a pare dredful, pore child.

"Your aff. Mother,
"SARAH JANE PRAWLER."

* * * * *

Jan. 4.—Oh what a evenin this have been! They was invited out with all the family, and I knowed they wouldnt be home all nite; so what does I do but light a fire in the sitting-room, and the shandyleers, and one of missus's gowns was laying on the bed, which her gowns fit me like a glove, and there was half a bottle of gin that they knowed nothing about, besides oranges and cetera.

So when William come waiting outside and expectin me to go for the beer, I calls him in, and there we was. I do think I lookt lovely in that gownd, a blue morry anteek. William said I looked magnificent; and we drawed the sofa up to the fire and had some hot gin and water, just as if we was regular married. My William was at first as melancolly as a howl; and when I put my hand to his farrid and says "What ales you, love?" he says, "my mother!" Then I found out that his mother's a tartar of the worst description. The things William told me of her, was enough to make ones blood run curdle. Of course, as William says, such a mother-in-law, in house, I never could abear; neither would he wish it. So we set our wits to work, and arranges it capital. William's going to stand it no longer. He's got a unkel likewise a airdresser, in Belgrave Square, New York, as will give him a half his business if he'll only go over. So William's made up his mind to sell the business in Higg's row quite private, so that the old woman shan't know, leave her twenty pounds to go into the chandlery line, and emigrate with *me*. When he put the question to me I burst into tears and says "William, I'd go with you to the ends of the world. Whatever anguish it costs *me* to tear myself from my parents, I'll never, never leave you!"

So I'm to send my boxes round to the Green Dragon at the corner of Higg's row on Satterday, which he'll send on with his own luggige to Liverpool; on Sunday I meets him, we git married, and off we go next day. If that aint lovely, what is?

January 7.—Sunday.—I ham DONE! That feller is a imposter, and I always had my suspicions of it. He was only a sistant of Mr. Whiffings, on busy nights. His real name's Walker.

He have gone off with my boxes and eleven pounds three wages saved, and what's wuss, I gave information to the police, forgetting in that moment of despair that Missus's morry anteek were in the green one, and four pair of stockings in the banbox!

Origin of Artists.—It is indeed remarkable that the most distinguished artists have not been born in an artistic sphere, or in a position of life more than ordinarily favorable to the culture of artistic genius. They have nearly all had to force their way upward in the face of poverty and manifold obstructions. Thus Gainsborough and Wilson were the sons of [illegible]; Barry was an Irish sailor boy, and Maclise a banker's apprentice at Cork; Opie and Romney, like Inigo Jones, were carpenters; West was the son of a small Quaker farmer in Pennsylvania; Northcote was a watchmaker; Jackson a tailor, and Etty a printer; Reynolds, Wilson and Wilkie, were the sons of clergymen; Lawrence was the son of a publican, and Turner of a barber. Several of our painters, it is true, originally had some connection with art, though in a very humble way, such as Flaxman, whose father sold plaster-casts; Bird, who ornamented tea-trays; Martin, who was a coach-painter; Wright and Gilpin, who were ship-painters; Chantrey, who was a carver and gilder; and David Cox, Stanfield and Roberts who were scene-painters.—*Self-Help.*

The Koran Disgraced.—Some time ago, a number of handkerchiefs were brought, or rather smuggled, into Mogadore, having printed upon them passages from the Koran. One of them got into the hands of the Emperor, who, thinking the Christians were ridiculing the Sacred Book, ordered instanter all the cities of the coast to be searched to discover the offender who introduced them. Happily for the merchant, he was not found out. His Highness commanded that all the handkerchiefs which were collected should be destroyed.—When Dr. Davidson was at Morocco, he prescribed some seidlitz water for the use of the Sultan, and placed on the sides of two bottles, containing the beverage, Arabic verses from the Koran. The Sultan was exceedingly exasperated at this compliment to his religion, and had it privately intimated to Mr. Davidson not to desecrate the Holy Book in that abominable manner.—*Richardson's Morocco.*

Echo.—What must be done to conduct a newspaper right? Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to assist him? System.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight? Light.

What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace? Peace.

Who commit the greatest abominations? Nations.

What is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

Anecdote of Rose, the Court Painter.—Of this gentleman, appointed in 1637, miniature painter to the Queen, the following anecdote is told:—"Of his genuine simplicity of character there is many an anecdote afloat. One will suffice, by way of illustration. A friend once pointed out to him Runnimede, saying, that it was the place where the Barons forced King John to sign the Magna Charta. "*Forced* his Majesty!" cried the Court painter, in astonishment; "did they, indeed? *How very improper!*"

The Term We.—The plural style of speaking ("we") among kings was begun by King John of England, A. D. 1119. Before that time sovereigns used the singular pers n in their edicts. The German and French sovereigns followed the example of King John in 1200. When editors began to say "we" is not known.

* Communicated by Mr. Frederick Greenwood.

† It has been suggested that the place of entertainment here alluded to is Highbury Barn.

CHRISTIE'S PORTRAIT.

BY GERALD MASSEY

Your tiny Picture makes me yearn;
We are so far apart!
My Darling, I can only turn
And kiss you in my heart:
A thousand tender thoughts a-wing
Swarm in a summer clime,
And hover round it, murmuring,
Like bees at honey-time.

Upon a little girl I look,
Whose pureness makes me sad;
I read as in a holy book—
I grow in secret glad!
It seems my darling comes to me
With something I have lost,
Over life's tossed and troubled sea,
On some celestial coast.

I think of her when spirit-bowed;
A glory fills the place!
Like sudden light on swords, the proud
Smile flashes in my face:
And others see in passing by,
But cannot understand,
The vision shining in mine eye,
My strength of heart and hand.

Our Christie is no rosy grace,
With beauty all may see;
But I have never felt a face
Grow half so dear to me!
No curling hair about her brows,
Like many merry girls:
Well, straighter to my heart it goes,
And round it curls and curls!

Meek as the wood anemone glints
To see if heaven be blue,
Is my pale flower, with her sweet tints
Of Heaven shining thro'!
She will be poor and never fret,
Sleep sound and lowly lie;
Will live her quiet life, and let
The great world-storm go by.

That grave content and touching grace
Bring tears into mine eyes;
She makes my heart a holy place,
Where hymns and incense rise.
Such calm her gentle spirit brings,
As—smiling overhead—
White statued saints with peaceful wings,
Shadow the sleeping dead.

Dear love! God keep her in his grasp,
Meek maiden or brave wife!
Till his good angels softly clasp
Her closed book of life;
And this fair picture of the sun,
With Birthday blessings given;
Shall fade before a glorious one,
Taken of her in heaven.

MAROCCO.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Although our diplomatic intercourse with Morocco, (or Morocco as it is often spelt) began so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, no Englishman has yet been able to travel in the interior of that ——— by ——— special permission; so, that, in spite of its being considerably within a week's sail of us, it is not much less unexplored and unknown than the empire of China. The hatred of the Maroquines to all Europeans was formerly, indeed, a little shaded off and mitigated with respect to Englishmen; but since they beheld British men-of-war looking quietly on while the French destroyed Mogador, they have, it seems, considered "the Engleez" to be as vile dogs as any other Christian folk. The modes and maxims of the court are procrastination, plausible delays, and voluminous dispatches and communications, which are carried on through the hands of intermediate and subordinate agents of every rank and degree. It is the "Circumlocution Office" with a vengeance, an unapproachable and barbarous emperor being its chief clerk.

The great object of Muley Abd Errahman (the late Emperor of Morocco,) is—nay, the pursuit of his whole life has been—to get the whole of the trade of the empire into his own hands. In fact, he has by this time virtually succeeded, though the thing is less ostentatiously done than by the Egyptian viceroy, that equally celebrated prince-merchant. In order to effect this, his Sheerefian majesty seeks to involve in debt all the merchants, natives or foreigners, tempting them by the offer of profuse credit. As many of them are needy and speculative, this imperial boon is, without scruple, greedily accepted. The emperor likewise provides them with commodious houses and stores; gives them at once ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of credit, and is content to receive in return monthly instalments. These instalments never are, never can be, regularly paid up. The debt progressively and indefinitely increases; and whilst they live like so many merchant-princes, carrying on an immense trade, they are, in reality, beggars and slaves of the emperor. They are, however, styled *imperial* merchants, and wear their golden chains with ostentatious pride. As a specimen of the commercial system of the country, Richardson tells us that the day after he arrived at Tangier the monopoly of leeches was sold to a Jew for twenty-five thousand dollars. The Jew, then of course, refused to buy leeches except at his own price, while every unfortunate trader was obliged to sell to him and him only. Similarly, the great leech, Monopoly, sucks the life-blood of every species of commerce in Morocco; while, in addition to that disadvantage, the Moors are dishonest and shuffling to an extent which is even more than a match for the Neapolitan government itself.

A whimsical story is current in Tangier respecting the dealings of the Sheerefian court with the Neapolitan government, which characteristically sets forth Moorish diplomacy or manœuvring. A ship-load of sulphur was sent to the emperor. The Moorish authorities declared it was very coarse, and mixed with dirt. With great alacrity, the Neapolitan government sent another load of finer and better quality. This was delivered, and the consul asked the Moorish functionaries to allow the coarse sulphur to be conveyed back. These worthies replied: "O dear, no! it is of no consequence; the emperor says he will keep the bad, and not offend his royal cousin, the king of Naples, by sending it back." The Neapolitan government had no alternative but to submit, and thank the chief of the Shereefs for his extreme condescension in accepting two ship loads of sulphur instead of one.

Unfortunately, greater nations than the Neapolitans are in the habit of submitting to Maroquine injustice, framing their treaties—or, as they are justly, though infamously designated "capitulations"—with the Moorish authorities upon the most cringing and propitiatory bases. The French carry their complaisance even to the extent of hoisting the tri-colored flag for the transport of slave eunuchs bound for the Shereefian harem, and we ourselves have only recently refused to offer it that ignominious accommodation. We, however, are more concerned in the work of conciliation than our neighbors, on account of the vast importance to us of maintaining friendly relations with the power that mainly supplies Gibraltar with provisions; the treaty concerning which seems to be tacit or secret, since it does not appear in any of the state-paper documents.

Very funny stories are told by the masters of the small-craft who transport the bullocks from Tangier to the British Rock. The government of the Moorish town are only allowed to export at a low duty per annum, a certain number of bullocks. The contractor's agents come over; and at the moment of embarking the cattle, something like the following dialogue ensues:—

Agent of Contractor.—Count away!

Captain of the Port.—One, two, three, &c. Thirty, forty. Ah! stop! stop! too many.

Agent of Contractor.—No, you fool; there are only thirty.

Captain of the Port.—You lie! there are forty.

Agent of Contractor.—Only thirty, I tell you (putting three or four dollars into his hand.)

Captain of the Port.—Well, well, there are only thirty.

And in this way the garrison of Gibraltar often gets 500 or 1,000 head of cattle more than the stipulated number at five dollars per head duty instead of ten. Who derives the benefit of peculation, I am unable to state. That *somebody*, however, derives some pretty pickings thereby, there is no doubt.

No one who is acquainted with the system of eastern despotic governments, can wonder that their public functionaries make hay while the sun shines, and put the screw on their unfortunate inferiors while their short-lived power lasts. It is rare indeed, for a governor of a town, or great official of any kind, to hold his post for a lifetime. The bashaws are all thrown into prison sooner or later, and the money that they have extracted from others, pressed in turn, out of themselves, to swell the imperial treasury. They are commonly very obstinate about giving it up, but the emperor is at least equally firm. The application of cold water immediately after that of the bastinado is found to be exceedingly [illegible] *hole where the money is hidden.* Millions of dollars lie buried by the Arabs in Maroquine earth at this moment, the half of which perhaps will never be found, the owners and sole possessors of the secret having expired before they could point out their hidden treasures to their relatives—a duty which, for obvious reasons, they delay until the very last moment. Money is often buried in this way by tribes who have nothing to fear from sheik or sovereign; it is their immemorial custom so to lose it, just as it is ours to intrust it to Joint-stock banks. The Arabs, therefore, who cannot comprehend how European tourists can undertake such long journeys as they do for archæological purposes, give them credit for a material object in their researches among heaps of old stones, and are proportionally jealous of their examinations. The old captain of the port of Tangier has been no less than twelve times in prison under the exhausting pressure of the emperor. After the imperial miser has copiously bled his captain, he lets him out to fill his skin again: and the old gentleman is always merry and loyal, in spite of the treatment of his taskmaster. The bashaws adopt similar measures with *their* inferiors. Colonel Warrington was one day representing to the bashaw of Tripoli the gross manner in which his functionaries robbed everybody, and took the liberty of mentioning the name of one person.

"Yes, yes," observed the bashaw; "I know all about him. I don't want to catch him yet; he is not fat enough. When he has gorged a little more, I'll have his head off!"

Even on what was formerly their own element, the sea, the degenerate Moors are now become worthless and contemptible. The "Rovers of Sallee," who in old times cruised off the very coasts of England, and defied its fleets, can scarcely now conduct a vessel from Mogador to Gibraltar; while the whole naval force of the once dreaded piratic states of Barbary can boast of but half-a-dozen badly manned brigs or frigates. The Moorish bark which conveyed us ashore at Mogador was a mere long shell of bad planks, and scarcely more ship-shape than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a canoe, leakily put together. It was filled with dirty, ragged, half-naked sailors, whose seamanship did not extend beyond coming and going from vessels lying in this little port. Each of these Mogadorian port sailors had a bit of strait pole for an oar; the way in which they rowed was equally characteristic. Struggling against wind and current, with their Moorish rais at the helm, encouraging their labors by crying out first one thing, then another, as his fancy dictated, the crew repeated in chorus all he said. "Kholsah!" (a loaf) cried the rais.

All the crew echoed "Kholsah."

"A loaf you shall have when you return!" cried the rais.

"A loaf we shall have when we return!" cried the men.

"Pull, pull; God hears and sees you!" cried the rais.

"We pull, we pull; God hears and sees us!" cried the men.

"Sweetmeats, sweetmeats, by Heaven; sweetmeats, by Heaven, you shall have, only pull away!" swore the rais.

"Sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!—sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!" roared the men, all screaming and bawling. In this unique style, after struggling three hours to get three miles over the port, we landed, all of us completely exhausted and drowned in spray.

These Moors, like a not altogether extinct class of Christians, hold language, even when performing the most wicked acts, of extreme piety and devotion, and will interrupt their deeds of rapine and cruelty—should the hour for worship intervene—with prayers of complete decorum. The chief articles of their religion seem to be, to keep Friday sacred, and to hate Jews and Christians. As these latter, of course, respectively reverence the next two days of the week, the Sabbatarian question attains in Marocco a threefold importance; and the inconvenience of so many successive Sundays often make men rebels to their creed.

The Jews are exceedingly numerous in Northern Africa, and in spite of persecution and confiscation, its richest and most important merchants. Richardson, whilst in Mogador, assisted at the celebration of one of their general weddings, to which all the native Jewish aristocracy were invited.

"The festivities beginning at noon," he says, "I first entered the apartment where the bride was sitting in state. She was elevated on a radiant throne of gold and crimson cushions, amidst a group of women, her hired flatterers, who kept singing and bawling out her praises. 'As beautiful as the moon is Rachel!' said one. 'Fairer than the jessamine!' exclaimed another. 'Sweeter than honey in the honeycomb!' ejaculated a third. Her eyes were shut, it being deemed immodest to look on the company, and the features of her face motionless as death, which made her look like a painted corpse. To describe the dresses of the bride would be tedious, as she was carried away every hour and redressed, going through and exhibiting to public view, with the greatest patience, the whole of her bridal wardrobe. Her face was artistically painted; cheeks vermillion; lips browned with an odoriferous composition; eye-lashes blackened with antimony; and on the forehead and tips of the chin little blue stars. The palms of the hands and nails were stained with henna, or brown-red, and her feet were naked, with the toe-nails and soles henna-stained. She was very young, perhaps not more than thirteen, and hugely corpulent, having been fed on paste and oil these last six months for the occasion. The bridegroom, on the contrary, was a man of three times her age, tall, lank, and bony, very thin, and of sinister aspect. The woman was a little lump of fat and flesh, apparently without intelligence, whilst the man was a Barbary type of Dickens's Fagan."

The Jews, notwithstanding their character for driving a good bargain, have not much chance with the natives, nor is any complaint of theirs listened to by a magistrate, no matter how unjustly they may have been dealt with. They teach their children, it is true, that it is right to rob Muesulmen, but it is only to put them on an equality with the latter, who will be quite sure to rob *them*. The Moors are born thieves, and need no sort of teaching. Almost every tradesman and every imperial merchant have two sets of weights—one to buy, and another to sell with. A merchant once had the impudence to cry out to his clerk when weighing: "Oh, you are wrong; these are my *selling* weights; bring me my *buying* weights. Am I not buying?" The government not only winks at the dishonesty of its subjects, but when the matter lies between one of the Faithful and a Jew, or Christian, it will not, and dare not, administer justice. Muley Suleiman was a great admirer of the European character, and was much attached to a Mr. Leyton, an English merchant. This merchant was one day riding out of the city of Mogador, when an old woman rushed at him, seized the bridle of his horse, and demanded alms. The merchant pushed her away with his whip. The ancient dame seeing herself so rudely nonsuited, went off screaming revenge; and although she had not had a tooth in her head for twenty long years, she noised about town that Mr. Leyton had knocked two of her teeth out, and importuned the governor to obtain her some pecuniary indemnification. His excellency advised Mr. Leyton to comply, and get rid of the annoyance of the old woman. He resolutely refused, and the governor was obliged to report the case to the emperor, as the old lady had made so many partisans in Mogador as to threaten a disturbance. His imperial highness wrote a letter to the merchant, condescendingly begging him to supply the old woman with "two silver teeth," meaning thereby to give her a trifling present in money. Mr. Leyton, being as obstinate as ever, was ordered to appear before the emperor at Marocco. Here the resolute merchant declared that he had not knocked the teeth out of the old woman's head; she had had none for years, and he would not be maligned even in so small a matter. The emperor was at his wits' end, and endeavored to smooth down the contumacious Leyton, to save his capital from insurrection; imploring him to comply with the *lex talionis*, and have two of his teeth drawn, if he was inflexibly determined not to pay. The poor emperor was in hourly dread of a revolution about this tooth-business, and at the same time he knew the merchant had spoken the truth. Strange to say, Mr. Leyton at last consented to lose his teeth rather than his money. However, on the merchant's return from the capital to Mogador, to his surprise, and no doubt to his satisfaction, he found that two ship-loads of grain had been ordered to be delivered to him by the emperor, in compensation for the two teeth which he had had punched out to satisfy the exigencies of the empire.

Some chapters of Richardson's work are devoted to the cities of the interior of Marocco, but the information we derive from them is either absolutely nothing, or of that vague and uncertain character which we possess already. Marocco itself is a gloomy and half-ruined city, though occupying an area of seven miles in circumference, and Fez is the real capital and the seat of commerce. The population of the latter town is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 80,000, and there seems to be a similar variance in almost every other statement concerning it; nor is this uncertainty to be wondered at, since so bigoted are its inhabitants, that no European can walk undisguised in its streets without an escort of military. It was lately the head-quarters of those fanatics who preached "the holy war," and involved the emperor in hostilities with France. As for Timbuctoo, Tennyson, even in his undergraduate days, depicted it most truly; first giving us the golden dream of it, and then the sad reality.

Child of man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of ranged chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulfs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh, city! oh latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: *soon yon brilliant towers*
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-walled, barbarian settlements.
How changed from this fair city!

With regard to the military array of Marocco, Richardson has nothing formidable to say of it except with respect to its numbers. The disposable force of the Mogador district is about 70,000; but the different bodies which compose it can never safely be brought together. Alluding to the quarrel of their sultan with the French, these hostile tribes muttered to each other: "We must kill our own French first:" that is, their own hereditary enemies. "I went out to see the two levies. These tribes had a singularly wild and savage aspect, with only a blanket to cover them, which they wrap round and round their bodies, having neither cape on their heads nor shoes on their feet. They were greatly excited against the Christians, owing to the foolish conduct of the Moorish authorities. The lawless bands spat at me and every European passing by them, screaming with threatening gestures: 'God curse you! Infidels.'"

If we rise from the perusal of Mr. Richardson's volumes with little sympathy for that effete European race which is now directing its decaying energies against its old oppressors, we have certainly no hope of benefit to mankind from any victory that may be gained by the Moor.

THE LAWYERS OUTDONE.—Signor Dandini was a foreign refugee, living in the neighborhood of Leicester Square. We cannot give any more precise account of his whereabouts, as the signor's address had always been kept a most profound secret—several of his creditors, in fact, being most anxious to penetrate the mystery. The signor picked up a living by translating documents from foreign languages for [illegible] *One day a* [illegible] arrived, addressed to the signor, at one of these houses, stating that if he would call on the next Thursday, at two o'clock, at the offices of Messrs. Skinnum and Ratum, solicitors of ——— street, they would be happy to arrange with him about a translation which would probably bring him in a pretty considerable sum. The signor was in a dilemma. The pretty considerable sum would be most acceptable, of course; but then he had strong objections to throwing himself in the way of unknown solicitors. However, at the time appointed, a foreign-looking individual presented himself at the office of Messrs. S. and E., and handed in the letter addressed by that highly respectable firm to Signor Dandini.

"I have received this letter," said he, with a strong German accent.

"Ah, to be sure," said Skinnum, the principal partner, who happened to be present, "Signor Dandini!"

The foreign-looking individual bowed, without speaking.

"Ah, my dear sir," continued Skinnum, smiling, "the fact is, I am sorry we have been compelled to have recourse to a little stratagem, but not knowing your address, we had no other means of getting at you—I have to serve you with this writ!"

The foreign-looking individual did not seem in the least surprised. He answered—

"Hah, yes, mein dear sir. But *we have had recourse to one little stratagem too.* I am not Dandini. I am a friend of his. He was afraid of this—so asked me to come to see about your letter. Good morning, mein dear sir."

The foreign-looking individual left the office, and Messrs. Skinnum and Ratum confessed they had been "done."

WELLINGTON ON A FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.—There was a dinner, at which the conversation turned on the chance of a French invasion:—

"A good many of the officers of the garrison were present, when a gentleman, not, an officer, put the question, 'But, Duke, do you really think that an invasion of England by France is possible?' 'Possible!' replied his Grace, 'is anything impossible? Read the newspapers.' He said no more while dinner lasted; but when the company had retired to the drawing-room, he took his questioner apart, and entered with him in the fullest manner into the whole subject. 'And I'll tell you what,' he observed, 'the French would have an immense advantage over us, even if we were prepared to oppose a landing, because they would be able to see further and better than we.' 'How is that?' was the natural question. 'Why thus. They start at midnight, and arrive off our coast just before sunrise. The dawn, which renders everything clear to them, will not enable us to observe what they are about. They will have a full half hour of light before we shall be able to distinguish between the line of beach and the line of sea; far less to observe boats in motion. And let me tell you, that in calm weather, and with preparations well settled beforehand, a great deal may be done towards throwing troops ashore on an open beach, in half an hour.'"—*Gleig's Life of Wellington.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PRIVATE LIFE.—It is not to be supposed that the Duke, successful as he was in great affairs, passed through life without his own share of private and domestic trials. Perhaps the very turn of his mind, and the constant dedication of his energies to the public service, in some degree unfitted him for the quiet enjoyment of domestic life. Perhaps, as often happens, where blame is scarcely attributable to either party, he was ill-matched in his domestic relations. Be this as it may, it would be idle to conceal the fact that the Duke's home, properly so called, was never a sunny one. It is certain that his confidence was much more largely given out of the domestic circle than within it; and for this reason, even when not abused, it scarcely filled up the measure of his aspirations. In moments of despondency, of which the crowd saw nothing, he has been heard to say, "There is nothing in this world worth living for." Yet no man felt more acutely than he, the pang of severance from those to whom any share of his affections was given. From his mother, as we have elsewhere explained, he experienced in youth and early manhood little else than neglect. As he grew into fame, pride with her expanded into affection; and when she died, at the advanced age of ninety six, he mourned for her with sincere sorrow. So also the death of the Duchess, on the 22nd of April, 1831, touched him keenly. They had seen comparatively little of each other for years. There was no natural congeniality between them in tastes, habits, or pursuits; and, unfortunately for both, the Duchess, while she doated on her husband, never appears to have thought it necessary to adapt her own views of things to his. Hence alienation stole in, which there were no opportunities of living down, though it never resulted in a formal separation. But during her last illness, he was indefatigable in his attentions to her; and when she ceased to breathe, he evinced great emotion. She was buried at Strathfieldsaye, the Duke following her to the grave; indeed, he descended into the vault after her remains had been deposited there, and remained some time alone with them. Other deaths which occurred no great while afterwards, and among them that of his trusted friend Mrs. Arbuthnot, made also a deep impression upon him. For a more tender heart than his never beat in human bosom, though he put constant restraint upon himself to hide his feelings; and, except on such occasions as these, generally succeeded.—*Gleig's Life of Wellington.*

THE BRITISH AND WAR.—It is strange enough that a nation which is the offspring of war and conquest—the essence of fighting races—with the blood of Viking, Norman, Saxon, and Celt, and who knows what infusion of Roman!—running in its veins—should have always exhibited a certain amount of contempt for military sciences, and for pure soldiery. No people on earth are more martial; but none know so little, or care less, about the principles of war. We English have never invented a system of fortification, though it cannot be said we did not need castles even when our fleet protected our shores. We have never organized a military system, or even an order of battle. All improvements in implements of war, except Armstrong's gun, which has yet to be tested in actual service, have come from abroad; and such grand discoveries and immense improvements as we have made in the mechanical arts are, in a military sense, apparently more advantageous to our neighbors than to ourselves. Our treatises on the science of war are translations, mere fragmentary essays, or dry text-books and manuals. It seems as if, in our undoubted power of fighting, we scorned all adjuncts; and, indeed, not a few even now maintain that the introduction of Minerva to the British Mars will terminate in the youth's entire ruin.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

AN ORPHAN IN A CHINA-SHOP.

BY J. HOLLINGSHEAD.

During the time that I collected the water rates for the district of Saint Moses and Saint Levy, Upper Chelsea, I became acquainted with an old crockery-merchant, named Joe Hamper. Joe was always ready at any time to detain me an hour to tell me his history; which was mixed up in some way with that of a person who had deeply injured him. By degrees I got at the knowledge that this person was an orphan, and that Joe considered himself called upon at every opportunity to dispel a good-hearted illusion under which the public were supposed to be laboring.

"Horphans, Must'r Water-ate," he said slowly, in a hoarse voice, always calling me by this title; "horphans is all werry well in their way, but horphans ain't hangels."

This was his theory; and he thought his experience could prove it.

Joe Hamper was once a street-hawker; going up and down the terraces and round the squares with a very heavy basket of plates and dishes on his arm. What with tramping about all day, and sleeping all night, he never found time to get married; and being of steady and industrious turn, he was able at last to throw away his basket, and transfer his load to a donkey and cart. After serving him faithfully and profitably for some years, the donkey died; and as Joe had always treated it as a child, and it had always looked upon Joe as a father, he never bought another, but started at once as a responsible shopkeeper. He took a long shed-like building at the corner of a large street just off the main Chelsea road; and from that hour he was a regular crockery-merchant.

He went to very little expense in his new establishment for more reasons than one. He found that he and a boy could do all the work at starting; and he therefore engaged nobody but a steady lad, who had been recommended from a glass-shop. Another reason for his economy was a sick sister, who had been left a widow by her husband falling off a scaffolding while at work as a stonemason. She had one child—a boy about nine years of age—and she was sinking rapidly in a consumption. Joe did all he could to make her comfortable; and she wanted for nothing while she lasted.

She did not live at the china-shop, because that was little more than a shed, where Joe and the boy use to cook their meals, and sleep at night; but a clean lodging was taken for her not far off, where Joe could run over sometimes for five minutes, during the least busy parts of the day.

One morning he was sent for before his shutters were down, and he was not surprised to find her dying.

"Yer see, Must'r Water-rate," he said, "I'd 'ad a homen all the a'ternoon afore, for a blind at one o' my side winders kep' a-comin' down of its own accord; an' I see to the boy, who was a-standin' among the show of crock'ry bontside the door, 'It strikes me that blind knows what its about better nor we do.' I might 'av' sed more, for I felt I wanted some 'un to talk to, but the boy looked so werry narvous that I sent 'im to take 'ome a wegetable dish."

To use Jo's expression, his poor sister was nothing but a "bag o' bones," and she knew that she could not last out the day.

"Joe," she said, very feebly, "you've been very good to me, an' I didn't ought to put upon you any more; but there's poor Neddy; I don't like to die an' leave 'im where he is, because I know he ain't 'appy."

Neddy was her son; who was occupied in minding the shop, and doing odd jobs, at the Golden Boot, a large shoe warehouse in the High street.

"What's the matter with the boy, Mary?" said Joe; "ain't he well fed?"

"No, Joe," she replied, even more faintly, "it ain't that; but he's a-mopin' away amongst them boots. He never gets out, night or day; an' there he sits, hour a'ter hour, with nothin' to look at but bunches o'boots on the floor, bunches on 'em all along the ceilin', an' bunches on 'em agen the wall."

"Well, Mary," said Joe, "that ain't werry lively, noways."

"No, Joe," she continued, "especially when he has to sleep among 'em all night. But this ain't all. They open the shop on Sundays afore church-time, when he has to be there, an' a'ter this they make 'im sit in a upper room to mind the 'ouse when they go out, lookin' at a great wooden boot as large as a pony, painted all red and yallar, an' nailed agen the wall across the winder."

"Well," said Joe, "that ain't werry lively, neither."

"He's not the same boy," she went on, still more faintly, "as he was six months ago, an' sometimes I fancy he's a little wrong in his 'ed."

She began to cry at this point, as much as her strength would allow her; and this decided Joe's mind about the boy.

"You know, Mary," he said, "that I think fr'en's an' relashuns is best apart in bus'ness, an' that's why I never hoffered to bring the lad into my shop. 'Owsomdever, as you seem to take on so much about 'im, an' we ain't all okal to fightin' our way alone in the world, you set your poor mind at rest, for I'll be'ave to 'im as if I'd bin his father."

Joe's sister died that afternoon, and he ordered a respectable funeral to be got ready by Sunday. They had one of those hackney-coach looking vehicles where the coffin is put in the front, and the mourners sit in a small, four-inside compartment behind. It did very well in this case, because there were only Joe and his nephew to follow.

Going to the cemetery, as well as coming home, Joe had a long opportunity of watching the boy, who did not seem to be much afflicted about his mother's death. He was a quiet, heavy, sulky boy, and very clumsy in his movements. His boots were fearfully thick, and he had a way of flinging his legs about, as if they were merely dangling from their sockets.

After the funeral they did not return direct to the shop, as Joe thought that would be rather dull; and he got the coachman to drop them out near the Hammersmith road, where they went into a coffee-shop to get some tea. While Joe was spelling out some murder trial in an old newspaper, he heard a crash, and, looking up he found the boy had spilt his cocoa all over the box in which they sat, besides smashing the basin which contained it, and a cheese-plate, and cracking a salt cellar that stood upon the table.

As he looked very foolish, Joe made no remark to him, but quietly asked the waiter what was to pay.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we mustn't lay it on too thick for the breakages—call it three-an'-nine."

"Call what three-an'-nine?" inquired Joe.

"One coffee, one cocoa, four thick slices, salt-cellar, basin an' plate."

"No, you don't," said Joe, with some little pride in showing his information. "A bob 'ill cover the chaney, as I knows well enough; an' we'll settle for the wittles by itself."

Joe clinched this remark by presenting one of his business cards, and the bill was at last paid with one and sevenpence-halfpenny.

"Now, young fellar," said Joe to the boy, "my shop's full o' this 'ere crock'ry-ware from one hend to the other; an' if you ain't more careful nor this in futur', you an' me won't hit it together no'ows."

"Werry well," returned the boy; and that is the only remark he made for the next hour or two.

Before they went home for the night, they turned into a chapel near Joe's shop, where there was a good deal of singing.

The boy was rather fidgetty, which, perhaps, was natural at his age; but Joe, who felt very low-spirited at their day's work, was cheered by the music and the company, as it was the place where his sister used to go before her death, when she was well enough to walk about.

* * * * * * *

When Joe awoke on the Monday morning he felt a great weight upon his heart, and it was some time before he exactly understood the cause. It came across him, however, as he saw his nephew, and he recollected what he had undertaken to do.

The first shock he received was a quarrel between the two boys, as they were taking down the shutters; for Joe had not turned off the old boy to make way for the new one.

"Now, then," said Joe, more particularly to his nephew, who seemed to be in the wrong, "let us quite understand one another afore we

begin. This 'ere ain't a boot-shop; an' chany ain't made uf le'ther."

The eldest boy, whose name was Henry, went quietly about his work after this reproof, but Joe's nephew turned sulky, and trod upon a cheese-plate.

"You want hexercise," said Joe; "as far as I can make out. 'Enry'll do all the in-door work, an' you'll do all the runnin' about."

Joe bore the quarrelling of the two boys very patiently for several days, in the hope of seeing them become more friendly; but as they got worse instead of better, and would not work together in harness at all, he made arrangements with a tradesman in the neighborhood to take Henry off his hands, and when he opened his shop on the following Monday, he was left with no one but his nephew.

Joe's warehouse was a dense grove of glass and china. There were large bundles of mugs of all sizes hanging all over the place like ropes of onions. There were meat-dishes, vegetable-dishes, plates and saucers, ranged along shelves, like pictures; and wine-glasses, decanters, and bottles, which were heaped up in the window like grocer's plums. There were jugs dangling from hooks all over the ceiling, like joints of meat in an inn gateway, or grapes in a greenhouse: while more plates, dishes, pans, and tea-cups were spread all over the floor, till you had to walk between them as if you were in a strawberry-bed. Even up a pair of steps that led to a loft, which was Joe's bedroom, there were more cups, mugs, and jugs, hanging like illuminated lamps at a tea-garden; and, under the counter, where the boy slept, there were many more articles, stowed away like cheese.

The first two or three days that Joe and his nephew passed together were not disturbed by any accident more serious than the smashing, by the boy, of a sugar-basin, valued at three-and-sixpence. Joe took very little notice of this mishap, as he considered the boy was learning his trade; but he noticed that his way of walking about the place, and handling the things, was very off-hand and clumsy.

One morning, about the end of the week, the boy was sent up in the loft for a couple of washing basins, to show a customer. He went up quickly enough, perhaps too quick; but when he came down again he made his unfortunate uncle's hair stand on end.

"I see 'im a-rollin' down the steps," said Joe, "as if they'd bin Greenwich 'ill, sweeping away a lot 'o mugs on both sides, like rotten happles, n' pitchin' on the broad of his back in the middle of a dozen gross o' full-sized dinner-plates, as if he'd been a sky-larkin' on a 'aystack."

Joe was not very skillful either in writing or accounts; and when he had spent several hours over his slate, he reckoned the damage, at cost-price, to be two pounds sixteen shillings.

"Well, young fellar," he said, "this ain't a werry tidy day's work, is it?"

"We never 'ad no steps or lofts at the boot-shop," returned the boy, sulkily.

"P'raps not," said Joe, "but we've got 'em 'ere, an' you must larn to go up an' down 'em without purducing a hearthquake."

Joe made no farther observation after this, but sent the boy with a basket of glass and crockery to a gentleman's in the neighborhood.

In about two hours he came back, and had hardly got into the place, when a furious old gentleman made his appearance at the door, brandishing a thick stick in his hand.

"This is a nice job with your boy!" shouted the old gentleman, in a tremendous rage.

"Sir," said Joe anxiously, "what is it?"

"What is it?" repeated the old gentleman, getting more and more enraged. "Why, he's smashed a work of art worth all the rubbishing crockery in your shop!"

Though Joe did not quite comprehend what the old gentleman meant by a "work of art," the tone of his voice was sufficient to alarm him, and he called the aggravating boy forward at once.

"I conldn't see no hornaments in the gent's passidge," said the boy, "wi' that great basket hon my 'ed, could I?"

"Don't call a bust of Socrates a 'hornament,' sir," shouted the old gentleman, getting purple with rage, "or I'll strike you with this stick, sir; I will, indeed!"

"Sir," said Joe, more calmly, "I'm only a 'umble tradesman, but I'll do the thing as is right. That bust shall be paid for, an' anythin' helse."

"'Do the thing as is right!'" returned the old gentleman, imitating Joe's voice; "put that lumpy boy into the House of Correction, then, if you don't want to go to the workhouse!"

When he had delivered this speech, he rushed off, and Joe never saw him or heard of him again, except through his lawyer. The costs and damages for the bust of Socrates amounted to thirty pounds.

"Now, look 'ere," said Joe to the boy, when the old gentleman had gone, "this 'ere sort o' thing can't go on for hever. I'm not a goin' to turn you out o' doors, acos I promised yer poor mother on 'er death-bed to be a father to you; but I can't stand these 'ere smashes, time a'ter time; an' I must keep haccount agen you from this day, an' take it out o' yer clothes'-money an' wages."

"A-coorse," said the boy, rubbing his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, and crying very loudly, "you can do as you like with a wretched horphan."

This ungrateful remark quite staggered Joe, and for some time he was unable to reply.

"Wretched horphans," he said, at last, "must mind what they're habout, the same as other people. As I sed afore, this ain't a boot-shop, an' chaney ain't made o' le'ther."

Things went on for some months after this, without any very alarming accident. Breakages there were, of course, nearly every day, for the boy never could understand the nature of china.

Joe left off reproving him, because he found it did no good, and he did not like to hear him calling himself a "wretched horphan." Joe kept a rude list of all he broke, which got larger and larger, week after week. The boy often looked at this list with a very long face, and sometimes he asked, in the middle of the shop, what it amounted to, as if the idea of its magnitude was weighing on his mind. He had his meals with Joe, so he wanted no food; he slept under the counter, so he wanted no home; and he had got a strong, serviceable suit of clothes on his back. The few shillings that Joe deducted from his wages every week did not reduce the debt, for there was always much more to be added on than there was to be taken off.

"Sometimes, Must'r Water-rate," said Joe, "he put his 'eavy 'obnail boots into a soup-dish; sometimes he swep' a couple o' cut tumblers hoff the counter, like blue-bottles; an' sometimes he brought down a whole bunch o' children's mugs, like beads, by breaking the string. I tried to take 'im hout on Sundays, 'acos I wanted to be sosheable, an' do my duty by 'im; but he awlus looked upon me as a master, an' never as a huncle; an' he didn't seem 'appy in my comp'ny."

This kind of life went on in the china-shop for nearly another half-year; the boy getting more sulky and lumpy every day, as his debt increased; and Joe putting up with many things to keep his promise to the dead mother. Joe had used every means in his power to improve the boy, without success, and now he had given up the task in despair.

"Talk habout a bull in a chaney-shop, Must'r Water-rate," said Joe, "he were wus nor fifty bulls, 'acos he were awlus there. A bull has his gallop hont, an' there you are; but this preshus horphan was awlus a-peckin' at 'em, night an' day. Settin' aside the bust o' Sokrateas, which was a hextrawdin'ry smash!—sayin' nothink about hodd tea an' dinner-services as 'ad to be made a sackrifise on 'acos he'd damaged the set;—an' puttin' everythin' into 'im at cost-price, I made hont at least he howed me twenty-seven pund."

After making up this account one night, while the boy was asleep, as usual, under the counter, Joe went to bed in his loft in a rather depressed state of mind, to have what he called "a good think." He could not see how this sort of thing was to go on, and he could not see in what way to bring it to an end. If he turned the boy over to a new master, he would hardly be keeping his promise to act as a father to him; and the lad might be even worse, he thought, if he was not under his uncle's eye. To raise the boy's wages would be of little use, as that would only be taking money out of one pocket to put it into the other; perhaps with the effect of making him more careless. Looking at it in every way, Joe felt perfectly bewildered, and in this state of mind, like all persons who go to bed to think, he fell fast asleep.

Sometime towards daybreak he was suddenly aroused by a tremendous noise in the warehouse below; and, going to the door of the loft, and looking down, he saw a highly-alarming performance.

"There was that hawful boy," said Joe, "dressed hup as if for the day, rushin' back'ards an' for'ards like a ragin' loonatick in his 'eavy boots, crunchin' the plates an' dishes, right an' lef', an' a-layin' in to milk-jugs an' corfee-cups all roun', like Shaw the Live-G'ardsman, with a tidy size 'ammer as awlus 'ung hunder the counter, nigh his bed."

Joe slipped on his clothes in an instant, and rushed down the steps, taking his excited nephew up in his arms, and carrying him, kicking violently, through the dense groves of earthenware, to a small, clear space in one corner of the shop, where he deposited him in a large empty basket. The boy was laboring under nightmare.

"What d'ye go to bed in yer boots for?" asked Joe, when his nephew had somewhat recovered.

"Well," said the boy, boldly, "you shouldn't gi' me black puddens for dinner as never agrees wi' me; let alone that de'd 'orse you awlus says I howe you, which I'm awlus dreamin' habout, like a wretched horphan as I ham."

Considering all that Joe thought he had done for the boy, and the melancholy wreck of broken earthenware, the fragments of which were lying about the floor, this speech, to use his own expression, "reg'larly doubled 'im hup," and he could not trust himself to say another word. He walked quietly to the door of the shop, and looked into the street to cool himself. After some minutes' reflection, finding that it was broad daylight, he thought the best thing he could do would be to prepare breakfast.

"'Ere," he said to the boy, who had by this time slunk out of the basket, "take this 'ere broken milk-jug, an' go an' find a milkman."

The boy put on his cap, and took the jug, which was one he had deprived of both spout and handle, and he went sulkily out of the door and slowly up the street.

He never came back.

Joe waited, hour after hour, for the milk, and day after day for the boy, and he might have waited for twenty years. He forgot all about the destruction of his property, when he found his nephew had really gone away, and he offered a reward of ten pounds to any one who would bring him back. Perhaps Joe's descriptions were not very faithful, nor very clear, for though several boys were brought at different times by several policemen, not one of them proved to be the lost orphan. Joe got his old boy, Henry, back in the shop, and the loss was rather a gain to him during the busy day; but at night, when the shutters were closed and he sat over the small grate smoking his pipe, he could not get the clumsy, ungrateful orphan out of his head, nor the poor dead mother and the promise he had made.

* * * * * * * * *

Nearly three years passed after this, and Joe was bought out of his shed-like warehouse for a very good sum, to make way for local improvements. He removed at once to the main thoroughfare, where he took a large shop, and stocked it in a proper style for a thriving tradesman. He had not long got into good working order, when one morning, a very stately lady walked in, and asked to look at some wine-glasses and decanters. She was followed by a servant in livery—a tall youth, who held his head very low, and wore a very high shirt-collar. It is possible that Joe might not have noticed this youth, if it had not been for this prominent collar; but looking through the two peaks of it, full in the boy's face, he saw it was his runaway nephew standing before him. Joe preserved his composure by a great effort, and pretended not to be aware of the discovery he had made; but the boy recognized his uncle in an instant, and he seemed inclined to tumble in his old style amongst the crockery.

"Your young man, mum, don't happear to be well," said Joe, hastily; "p'raps he'd better stan' houtside?"

This advice was immediately acted upon by the boy, and the lady soon selected her purchases, which she wished her servant to take home for her.

"No, mum," said Joe, "You'll hexcuse me, but we alwus sen' hiverythin' 'ome from this hestablishment."

"It's very strange," replied the lady, "that we cannot have our things when we've paid for them! I want them particularly this afternoon."

"Mum," said Joe, "they shall be at your 'ous afore you are."

Knowing his nephew's old weakness for destroying breakable articles, Joe did not like to trust him with three pound's worth of cut-glass. If broken, he thought it might be the means of losing the boy what appeared to be a comfortable situation; and he wanted also to know where that situation was. He put on his hat, and started to deliver the articles himself.

Joe found the direction to be a very good family mansion, in a very good family square; and when he had once marked the house, he kept his eye upon it for nearly twenty years. He never knew how his runaway nephew had got into such a service; for the boy grew to be a man, and never came near him all that time. Joe kept his promise to watch over him like a father, by watching over the house. If anything had happened to the lad, and he had been turned away, there was a home always prepared for him by his uncle, though he knew nothing about it.

Joe saw him rise, in the same service, from livery-boy to groom, and from groom to coachman; and, to his *horror* he saw him drive out, as he supposed for the first time, with a two-horse carriage, containing his mistress and two children. He fully expected to see him smash himself, the vehicle, the horses, and everything that stood in his way: and when the runaway orphan steered clear of every obstacle, as easily as if he had been upon a coach-box all his life, Joe thought there must certainly be some mistake, and that he had been privately watching the wrong individual for a number of years.

The runaway orphan never left that family mansion, until he married the upper housemaid, and took a thriving tavern up a mews.

Joe waited some time, thinking that, now his nephew was his own master, he might perhaps call or send round—but he never did; and one day Joe walked into his bar, and ordered a pint of beer.

"Well, Neddy," said Joe, lifting up his head, when his nephew had placed the drink upon the counter, "d'ye ever 'av' the nightmare now!"

"Hallo, uncle!" said the runaway orphan, turning various colors, and giving Joe a great, cold lump of a hand to shake, "how are you?"

"Well, Neddy," replied Joe, annoyed at this chilling reception, and resolved to tease him a little, "I'm rather short o' money, an' I've called about that old haccount as 'as bin standin' hover for twenty year."

"Ah, uncle!" he returned, in a sneaking tone, "you're jokin' habout that, 'cos you know werry well I was a hinfant at that time."

"A hinfant?" asked Joe.

"Yes!" he said, "a hinfant—that is, hunder twenty-one years of age; an' you can't pursceed agen a hinfant, leastways so my lawyer tells me."

"Well," said Joe, putting down the money for the beer, and turning his back for good upon the place; "of all the hungrateful horphans I hover 'card tell on, 'ang me if you don't lick 'em ev'ry one."

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.
The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blast: the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground.
The bolts that span the mountain's side,
His cloud-clapt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round. —*Horace.*

☞ A shrewd observer once said that, in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

☞ A Newbern paper says that Mrs. Alice Day, of that city, was lately delivered of four sturdy boys. We know not what a Day may bring forth.

☞ One of the first fancies suggested by the firelight is, that everybody fancies that he can poke the fire better than anybody else. Philosophy may speculate as to what can be the cause which generates this fancy, but it is doubtful if philosophy will ever make much progress towards solving the mooted point.

☞ Sheridan beautifully said:—Women govern us, let us render them perfect: the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.

☞ Tom Hood mentions the case of an old Jew, who had lent a large sum of money, and charged interest on it at nine per cent., instead of six which was the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated; and at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a God, and where he expected to go when he died? "Ah," said the old Hebrew, with a pleasant twinkle of the eye and a grin, "I have thought of that too—but when God looks down upon it *from above* the 9 will appear to him like a 6."

☞ The Rev. Dr. Mason stopped to read a theatrical placard which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him, "Good morning, sir; do ministers of the Gospel read such things?" "Why not, sir?" said the doctor; "ministers of the Gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

FOREIGN NEWS.

LIVERPOOL, February 4.—*Le Nord* says that on Monday couriers left London and Paris with identical instructions to the representatives of the two Powers at Turin, directing them to make known to the Sardinian Cabinet that the Governments of France and England see no objection to the annexation of Central Italy becoming "au fait accompli."

The only difference between the two Governments relates to the modes of consulting the populations. France holds that it should be by universal suffrage, while England prefers the current elections. As the elections which have already been held have resulted in the call for annexation, there can be no doubt as to the wish of the country.

The London Morning Post (which has the credit of being the organ of Lord Palmerston,) has a conspicuous editorial upon the policy of England and France in the Italian question. It says:—

"We announced at the beginning of the year that a virtual alliance had been effected between England and France for the settlement of Italian affairs. We expressly stated that the two Governments bound themselves by no treaty, but that their agreement was the result of the force of circumstances and the dictation of public opinion. This alliance—every day drawn closer—already begins to produce evident and tangible consequences. It is now formally determined that no intervention shall take place in Italy, and that the people shall be left to their own devices. It is, therefore, agreed that the States of Central Italy shall dispose of themselves. Fresh elections are to be held, and the Assemblies resulting from popular choice are free to decree the annexation of their constituents to the Sardinian kingdom. The French troops are to be withdrawn from Northern Italy and from Rome at an early opportunity. It is no secret that Austria, having regard to the Western alliance and her own secret difficulties, has given up all hope of retrieving her position and influence in Italy, and not only sheathes her sword, but puts it aside. An attempt will be made to induce her to grant reforms in Venetia, of which she is still left mistress. * * * * * *
The stubbornness of the Pope bids fair to deprive him of the whole of his temporalities.—Naples groans under a heavier tyranny than ever, and the cries of Venice are loud enough to strike our ears however we may shut them. The Italian question then being likely to take still larger proportions, our best, safest and most beneficent policy is that line of strict duty, by which, this time last year, we might have prevented war, and by which we may now guarantee the peace of Europe. That line is—No foreign intervention: but Italy for the Italians."

It was reported that Kossuth had suddenly disappeared from among his friends in London, and an impression prevailed that he had gone to Hungary with revolutionary designs.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times infers that the British Cabinet will be decidedly opposed to the annexation of Savoy to France, and also Prussia, Austria, and probably Russia.

A general commanding one of the divisions of the French army is said to have received orders last week to prepare to move with his troops to Italy, but the orders were countermanded the next day.

The severity of the weather in Russia has been terrible. At Moscow the thermometer was forty-four degrees below the freezing point.

The money market was tight: the best commercial papers meeting no discounters at 12 per cent.

Lord John Russell had announced to Parliament that the Government could not produce the correspondence called for with France relative to the rumored annexation of Savoy to France. But he said that Count Walewski had assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had no intention of proposing [illegible] And the British Government had sent a despatch expressing satisfaction with this assurance.

In the House of Commons on the question of appointing a committee to investigate the Miscellaneous Expenditure bill, the ministers were defeated by twenty-eight majority.

HUNGARY.—The increasing discontent in Hungary was daily becoming more serious.

The Hungarian Protestant Association left Vienna without obtaining an audience of the Emperor. The latter offered to admit two of them as mere private individuals, but this was declined. They had published a memorandum, explaining the object of their mission. It is drawn up in a menacing tone, and gives expression to the most sombre predictions. The national movement will, they say, resemble an avalanche. Hungary will detach herself from Austria at the first opportunity, as the Austrian Government has insulted and overthrown everything that existed in Hungary.

The Pope's Paris correspondent states that Austria is directing more troops towards the Tyrol, Venice, and Hungary.

The Globe's correspondent says it was generally understood that France and England were about to make a joint summons on Austria, not only to desist from sending, surreptitiously, troops into the Marches of Ancona, but to evacuate the Venetian territory at the earliest period, and accept such an indemnity as Italy is now ready to offer.

FRANCE.—The Paris *Univers* (ultra Roman Catholic) is suppressed. The *Moniteur*, in publishing the decree of suppression, says among the reasons for the measure is the irritating controversy of the journals, by which religious opinion was disconcerted, the country agitated, and the fundamental basis on which the relations between the Church and civil society are established, undermined.

It is stated that the immediate offence which led to the suppression of the *Univers* was its publication on the 29th, of an encyclical letter of the Pope to the Archbishop and Bishops, in which he states the motives for his refusal to accept the advice of the Emperor to give up Romagna.

The other journals had been forbidden to publish the letter.

The *Correspondent*, a religious periodical, had received a second warning.

The *Moniteur* of the 31st, says the Government had often deplored the irritating character of the controversy on religious questions. The *Univers* having been suppressed, violent articles in reply to its provocation are henceforth without motive and without excuse. The whole press will understand that these grave questions must be discussed with that quietness and moderation which are required by the interests of the public peace and respect for religion.

The *Univers* was the only one of the Paris papers which supported out and out the present severe law regulating the press. Its suppression, therefore, amuses many.

A medal was about to be struck at the Paris mint to commemorate the signature of the treaty of commerce between England and France.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 4.—The Cotton market which opened early in the week with an improved demand, was checked by the advance in the bank rate of discount, and has since continued tolerably steady at about last week's quotations.

Flour slow at late quotations—23@27s. Wheat shows a rather better tone, although the sales are limited and prices unchanged—red 9s 6d@9s 9d; white 9s 9d@11s 6d. Corn firmly held, but demand limited—yellow 31s 6d@32s 6d ✠ 480 lbs.

Beef inactive, but quotations are not reduced, although holders are anxious to realize. Pork steady. Bacon in good demand at an advance of 1s for long and short middles, of which the market is cleared; Cumberland cut in improved request at 46@47s. Cheese of fine quality is wanted at extreme prices. Lard is in moderate demand at 57@58s 6d for fine to choice. Tallow in demand and rather dearer—butchers 59@59s 6d.

Produce—Ashes steady, Pots 28s 6d@29s; Pearls 30s. Sugars dull, at 6d@1s cheaper for refining qualities. Coffee steady. Rice in good request for soft grain kinds, but Bengal is rather easier. Tea very firm at the late advance. Quercitron Bark steady at 8s 6d@9s 6d for Philadelphia, and 8s 3d for Baltimore. American Linseed cakes sell at £9 7s 6d@£9 10s Linseed Oil dull. Cod Oil in moderate demand, at £35. Rosin fully maintained. Common in good demand, at 4s 5d@4s 6d. Spirits Turpentine quiet, but firm, at 36s 6d.

A PACIFIC RAILROAD.

A carefully prepared bill has been submitted to Congress for the construction of a railroad and telegraph line to the Pacific—on both a northern and a southern route—which, it is believed, will secure this "national necessity" at a very small outlay to the government.

The leading idea in this bill—that which distinguishes it from all others presented—is the placing of the funds to be contributed for the construction of the road, in the hands of men of the highest character and railroad experience—gentlemen known to the country as having successfully administered the affairs of some of its largest railroad enterprises, and in whom the people can feel satisfied that the money advanced will not be inconsiderately disbursed.

The bill for the northern road, which is to commence at any point on the Missouri river north of 38 degrees north latitude, names Gen. Wm. H. Swift, of Massachusetts, Erastus Corning, of New York, Geo. W. Cass, of Pennsylvania, Benj. H. Latrobe, of Maryland, Col. L'Hommedieu, of Ohio, T. A. Morris, of Indiana, Wm. B. Ogden, of Illinois, Judge Mason, of Iowa, Col. O'Fallon, of Missouri, and others as corporators. That for the southern line names J. Edgar Thompson, of Pennsylvania, S. L. M. Barlow, of New York, Wm. H. Clement, of Ohio, James Guthrie, of Kentucky, J. P. McDaniel, of Virginia, J. P. King, of Georgia, Chas. T. Pollard, of Alabama, Wm. C. Smede, of Mississippi, Samuel Tate and V. K. Stevanson, of Tennessee, and others. These gentlemen unite as much character and railroad experience as can be found in the United States or elsewhere.

The bill grants to each route alternate sections for twelve miles on each side of the road, until it reaches the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and then alternate sections for twenty-five miles on each side of the road to the State line of California, whence the grant is reduced to six miles.

In addition to the land grant, (which will not go far towards the construction of a railroad,) the general government is to advance to each line $35,000,000 in U. S. 5 per cent. bonds, at the rate of an average of $20,000 per mile on the completion of each 50 miles, until the road reaches the foot of the Rocky Mountains, then at the rate of $40,000 per mile until the whole thirty-five millions are exhausted. For these advances the United States is to hold a first lien on the road—the interest and principal of which is to be refunded to the general government in the transportation of the mails, troops, and munitions of war. The entire road to be finished within fifteen years from its commencement.

This work cannot be built within a reasonable period, unless efficiently aided by the general government. The amount appropriated in this bill is certainly small compared with the magnitude of the road, and the great national objects to be secured by its completion. We think that the plan of committing the construction of the work to men of undoubted character and experience is the only way to prevent the means thus advanced from being expended on political favorites or for political objects.

To let the building of the road, as proposed in the Senate bills, introduced at the last session, would be to give the grant to irresponsible parties, who would prostitute it for the worst purposes, and finally leave the work in an unfinished condition.

Before these two roads can be finished there will be ample business between the Atlantic and the Pacific to make both paying enterprises. Their immediate commencement is demanded by the strongest political necessities, while their completion will cause a commercial revolution in the trade with Asia, which must give immense advantages to the United States.—*North American.*

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life is a city, filled with straying streets,
And Death the market place where each one meets.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

☞ There is nothing in nature more useful than water; but, commonly speaking, you can neither obtain a farthing for it, nor get any article in exchange for it.

☞ A fair reputation is a plant, delicate in its nature, and by no means rapid in its growth. It will not shoot up in a night like the gourd of the prophet, but, like that gourd, it may perish in a night.—*Taylor.*

☞ Life is sorrowful; the infant weeps as it comes into the world, and every succeeding year of its life shows wherefore.

☞ Cleanliness is carried to a greater length in Holland than in any other country. To keep the cows clean when placed in the barn, their tails are wrapped in brown paper and put upon a shelf behind them.

☞ The reason why whales frequent the Arctic Seas is, probably, because they supply the "Northern lights" with oil.

BEWARE of desperate steps. The darkest day
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
—*Cowper.*

☞ If you are false to yourself at the starting point, you will, in all probability, be much more so at the goal.

☞ None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

☞ A man said to another, "Which is the heaviest, a quart of rum or a quart of water?" "Rum, most assuredly, for I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of rum, when he would have carried a gallon of water with ease."

☞ A man can do without his own approbation in society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when alone; without it solitude is not to be endured.

☞ "The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders."

☞ STRONG INDUCEMENTS.—A small boy was caught stealing dried berries, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young mind could invent, he proposed, "Now, if you'll let me out, and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for them, and lick me besides." The grocer man could not withstand this appeal, and released the urchin.

☞ The chief art is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated. The most lofty fabrics are formed by the accumulation of simple propositions.

POLITICAL NEWS.

CONGRESS.—The Postoffice Bill has become a law—the Senate receded from its anti-franking amendment, after the two-thirds vote of the House against it.

CONNECTICUT.—The Democratic Convention nominated T. H. Seymour for Governor. Eleven of the twelve delegates to the Charleston Convention are said to be for Douglas.

The Republican delegates to the Chicago Convention, from Connecticut, are said to be about equally divided in their choice for the Presidency between Governor Chase, and Mr. Bates, of Missouri.

NEW MEXICO.—The Speaker of the House of Representatives of New Mexico introduced a bill to repeal the law passed at the last Assembly protecting slavery in New Mexico, and on the next day a resolution was almost unanimously adopted, requesting him to resign the Speakership, which he did. He subsequently resigned his seat in the House, and went home. Mr. Cuellar was elected Speaker in his place, and the bill in question was referred to a Select Committee, who reported in favor of its rejection, which was done without a dissenting voice.

ANNEXATION.—Among some three hundred bills, motions, &c., already referred to different committees of the House of Representatives, is one instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the feasibility of negotiating with Spain for the cession of Cuba; with an amendment by Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, instructing said committee to inquire also into the feasibility of treating with Great Britain for the relinquishment to us of her territory on our northern frontier.

A DANGEROUS INK.—An ingenious Parisian stationer, who for some years past has taken up his abode at Shanghai, has returned to Paris, bringing with him a curious Chinese invention. This extraordinary discovery consists in the composition of a paper which can be made to last as long as one wishes, by the use of a water or *eau magique*. The paper must be beforehand prepared, by some means known only to the buyer and seller, and is then saturated with the water, which is colorless, tasteless, and scentless. The length of time that one desires the paper to last is regulated by the introduction of pure water to weaken the effect. For instance, if the paper is to be decomposed within six days, the *eau magique* is put on without adulteration; if a month, a certain quantity of pure water is to be used. With this paper, then, the wily Chinese write their *billets doux*, taking care, however, that the corrosive water and their passion shall be of the same weight. The water is called "Divine Ink," and the paper "Exquisite Prudence." If Divine Ink and Exquisite Prudence take up their permanent abode in civilized countries, what a death-blow 'twill be to all breaches of promise suits, which, for the most part at least, are founded on loveletters, written promises, &c. And then, again, how many dishonest persons would sign promissory notes, knowing that, thanks to the *encre divine*, their signature would soon disappear; in fact, such an invention is a most dangerous one, reversing the present order of things, and opening a wide field for rascality.

LORD LYNDHURST.—The Illustrated London News, of Jan. 28, says:

"The Father of the House of Lords in England is the son of an American who came to England, painted portraits and historical pieces, gained money, put his son to the law, and died, foreseeing what his son was to be—not Lord Chancellor, as he has been, but the first speaker, by position and by talent, in the House of Lords. This man is Lord Lyndhurst. Our American brethren, when he dies, (we hope not soon) will of course erect statues to his memory. He well deserves every honor of the peerage of England, and the filial admiration of the United States."

John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, thus flatteringly mentioned, was born in Boston, in April or May, 1772, and consequently has now nearly completed his 88th year. He accompanied his father, the celebrated painter, to England, in 1774 or 1775, but has visited this country once or twice since 1795. If we are not mistaken, he is the only native of this country who has been created a peer of Great Britain.—*Boston Traveller.*

CHAPTER OF HORRORS.—J. W. Walker, an overseer of Waynesborough, Georgia, recently shot John Owens, a merchant. The former immediately left for his home, two or three miles from town. The excitement in the town became very great, and five citizens, with guns and dogs, started to arrest him. On their arrival at Walker's house, Walker issued from the door armed with a rifle, pistols, and a knife. The party called upon him to surrender, when he assumed an attitude of defiance and refused, while his wife, in great distress, clung to him to prevent further violence. Throwing her off, he levelled his rifle, and was about to fire, when the whole party of pursuers discharged their pieces, killing him instantly, putting two buckshot through the arm and hand of his wife, and mortally wounding his daughter, a little girl about seven years old, who was in the house at the time, a buckshot having entered her face below the eye and lodged in the rear portion of her brain.

DANIEL E. SICKLES.—The New York correspondent of the Charleston, S. C., Courier, has the following:—A rumor obtains very generally here, that the Hon. D. E. Sickles has experienced a change of heart, and that he contemplates connecting himself with some church. His former friends say that they have noticed a marked difference in his conduct recently. At Washington he leads a very different life from what he once did in this city. Before he leaves the Capitol it is thought he will make a public profession of Christianity. After that, I doubt if he will longer follow the vagaries of public political life. In view of these circumstances, some of Sickles's most sincere friends almost desire to see him ousted from Congress by A. J. Williamson, who contests the seat of the Third Congressional district.

CURIOUS BOUNDARY.—In the register of deeds, at Cambridge, book 88, page 121, Nov. 29, 1784, there is recorded a deed of a parcel of land in Lexington from Solomon Pierce to Joseph Underwood, dated Nov. 26, 1784, in which we find the following as part of the description; "then southerly on William Smith to a pine in the swamp marked W. then southerly on said Wm. Smith to stump and stones *where David Harrington licked William Smith.*" This seems to refer to an old tradition which we have often heard, that in the earlier days of the country it was the custom for farmers to "lick" their boys and their neighbors' boys on the bounds of their farms to make them remember where those bounds were.—*Lowell Citizen.*

☞ A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures," not "men." He promised to do so; and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the son, "you told me to vote for measures, and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

☞ Old Bavarian—"Ein glass beer?" Young Lady at Counter—"We have no beer, sir—very nice soda-water, sir!" Old Bavarian—"Soda-water! Mein Himmel! dat's vot dey takes to cure a troonk mit. I ton't want to pe cured—I vants to get troonk!"

NEWS ITEMS.

THE CHAMPION SWIMMER.—A Sandwich Island boy recently deserted the whale ship Franklin when twenty miles at sea, jumping overboard about eight o'clock at night, and swimming all night for the land. By daylight he was within half a mile of shore, but there encountered a strong opposing current, and after buffeting the waves in a vain effort to reach the beach, he saw a sail several miles to the leeward, changed his course for the vessel, striking out to sea again, and was on her deck by nine o'clock Friday morning, nothing harmed by his fourteen hours' swim.

MONEY RECOVERED FROM A HUMAN STOMACH.—At the residence of W. P. Reaves, in Shelby county, on Friday night, the 3rd inst., Mr. R. J. Fullerton was robbed of $120 in bank bills—one of the denomination of $100, and two of $10. A man named A. J. Phillips was accused of the robbery, and upon being arrested, was seen to swallow the bills. Dr. Pryor was at once called in and administered ipecacuanha, whereupon the bills were speedily brought to light. Phillips was committed to the Raleigh jail to answer the charge of stealing.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Union, Feb. 8.*

THE St. Louis Republican relates the following: "Kate Lecount, once one of the handsomest women in St. Louis, and some years ago worth $30,000, yesterday applied for admission to the county poor house. Five years since a man of the name of Wilson married her—or at least she supposed that she was married to him, but it seems that the marriage was a fraud—and he in some way got hold of her property, squandered it, and left her destitute. This was the beginning of misery."

SNAKE MOUNTAINEER.—A correspondent of the Bulletin writes that Col. Lander, of the late overland survey, was one of the eastward bound passengers by the John L. Stevens, and never having been out of sight of land before, was terribly seasick. The Colonel said he had ridden forty eight hours on a mule without rest; fought the Indians, the Mormons and grizzlies; gone three days without food; walked thousands of miles afoot over alkali plains, but he never knew what it was to be miserable before.

THERE has been great excitement in Hayti about John Brown—a mass was chanted for him, and the papers are full of eulogies on him as a great champion of the black race.

MANY NAMES.—The child of the Queen of Spain was baptized a short time since. The prodigy was blessed with sixty-one names. It is suggested that the priest who administered the sacrament amply deserved the fee, no matter how large.

DROWNED IN A WELL.—A Mrs. Westruff, of Painesville, Ohio, went during the heavy blow on Thursday night, to draw a pail of water from a draw well near her residence, when a gust of wind caught her and threw her headforemost into the well. She was soon missed, and after some time her body was found in the well, but life had departed.

A CARAVAN of pilgrims to the Holy Land is announced to leave Marseilles on the 18th of March. They are to pass the whole of Passion Week and the Easter festivals at Jerusalem, and, after visiting all the remarkable places mentioned in Holy Writ, will embark at Beyrout for France.

CANALS IN FRANCE.—It is stated that the Emperor Napoleon has made an appropriation of five millions of dollars for the improvement of the canals of the south of France, from Marseilles to Bordeaux. They are to be widened to twenty-six yards, and deepened to sixteen and a half feet. When completed, the passage to the Mediterranean, now made through the Straits of Gibraltar, and which takes two months, will be accomplished by this route in ten days.

CONSUMPTION OF COFFEE, TEA AND SUGAR.—Estimating the population of the United States at the present time, at thirty millions, each inhabitant annually consumes eight pounds of coffee, one pound of tea, and thirty pounds of sugar.

CRINOLINE SCORNED.—The London Times reporter, in sketching the scenes at the recent opening of Parliament, remarks:

"As the ladies sat closer and closer together, first six, then seven, then eight, and at least nine upon a moderate bench, a great light flashed upon all beholders, and they saw that the reign of crinoline was over, the literal and metaphorical iron despotism of fashion was broken at last. The exceptions to this rule, it is true, were neither few nor unimportant, but still they were the exceptions, and taken as a whole, the sitting space allowed by that sumptuary censor, the Lord Chamberlain, was generally allowed to be enough."

A VALUABLE PATENT.—The Tallahassee Floridian says that the Rev. James Peelar has just returned to that city, having sold the patent-right of his plough and distributor, for twelve States for the sum of two hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars, in notes and cash. He has donated two hundred thousand dollars for church purposes—thirty-six thousand of which are for taking scholarships in colleges under care of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, hoping, when he will cease to work and live, young men will be educated for the ministry.

THE PRESENT CENSUS.—It is calculated that the United States census, to be taken this year, will result about as follows:—Whites, 28,000,000; slaves, 4,000,000; free blacks, 500,000. Total, 32,500,000.

A BILL has been introduced into the Albany Legislature, to encourage and promote the mechanical and *scientific* arts, and proposes to give one hundred and fifty dollars out of the State Treasury to each young man over the age of twenty-one years, who has served a five-year apprenticeship at some mechanical trade, and who can produce to the Governor a certificate of his qualifications from three master workmen, and a certificate from a Probate Judge of his character. This amount is to enable him to purchase necessary tools, and those tools are to be forever exempted from levy and sale under execution.

A COUPLE of Kentuckians lately visited Boston, and sat down to dinner at the Revere House. Codfish balls were served at the table, and one of the Kentuckians taking them for "corn-dodgers," proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner, and remarked in the most solemn manner—"Something dead in that, Tom!"

A YOUTHFUL HEAD.—A Boston (Mass.) paper says: "A male child was born a few weeks ago, in Stansdisfield, Mass., healthy and well formed, with a well-defined pair of soft, silky whiskers, stretching from ear to ear. The child is now five weeks old, bright and lively with a growing beard.

STEPHEN WHITNEY, of New York, said to be worth $10,000,000, recently died in that city.

WHEN Parliament was opened her Majesty wore a dress of pearl-colored satin with gold bars; over it a mantle of rich crimson velvet, with a deep and massive gold border. Her head-dress was a tiara of brilliants. The elder Princess wore a "slip"—whatever that is—of white tulle over a pale blue under-dress; round her head was a wreath of white roses. The younger Princess was dressed wholly in white, with a wreath of pink flowers as a head-dress.

MR. SPEAKER PENNINGTON denies having had anything to do with the payment of Mr. Clay's debts, and pronounces the story lately started by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial a fabrication.

A MACON, (Ga.) paper states that at Columbus, in that State, Bishop Kavanaugh, Methodist, and the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Episcopal, have attended and manifested much interest in the lectures of Miss Hardinge, Spiritualist.

PROFITABLE.—The San Antonia (Texas) Herald mentions a gentleman who took charge of a flock of sheep in 1856, valued at four thousand dollars, and that, by diligence and good fortune, had made that stock worth forty thousand dollars.

A NIECE OF O'CONNELL.—The Chicago Journal of the 13th tells the following extraordinary story:

This morning, a case was examined before Justice Akin, which has an air of romance around it, and exhibits a revelation of real life from which a most thrilling tale of fiction could be wrought. A woman named Ellen Welch was found last night by one of the policemen roving about the streets, slightly intoxicated. She was arrested upon the charge of vagrancy. Parties who are knowing to her history inform us that some five or six years ago Ellen ran away from Ireland in company with a dashing young Irishman whom her parents had forbidden her to marry. Her father lived at Castle Kearney, and was a man of opulence and influence, and Ellen had been well brought up. But with that perverseness which is always characteristic of love, she was bent on marrying the young officer. She accordingly eloped with him, and came to Philadelphia, where she was married.

She lived with her husband about a year, at the expiration of which time he died. She then came to Chicago and married again, but again was doomed to misfortune. Her husband, who had the reputation of being an excellent man, was drowned in the river by falling from a schooner. Ellen maintained herself by sewing for a time, but finally fell in with disreputable characters, who fleeced her out of her clothing, and an allowance of thirty dollars which she received every three months from her father, through the priest. She took to drinking, and by gradual descents soon fell to a low depth. We know from indubitable sources that this woman, this morning arraigned before the Police Court for being a common vagrant, is an own niece to Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator and reformer, her mother, Mary O'Connell, being his sister. Her parents, as we said before, occupy Castle Kearney, in Ireland, and are known through the length and breadth of Ireland as a family of opulence, and widely esteemed for their many acts of kindness.

THE OIL EXCITEMENT.—There is a great oil fever now raging in Northwestern Pennsylvania, produced by the recent discovery of wells of oil, which only require the pumping to produce an article said to be equal to manufactured coal oil. Farmers are getting rid of their unproductive lands, or trying to produce a crop of oil from them. There is probably a great deal of speculation in the whole business, but still the fact seems well established that oil for burning and for lubricating machinery is obtained in great quantities by the simple process of pumping it from the wells where it is naturally produced. Along the entire length of Oil Creek, in Crawford, it is obtained largely with profitable results, by boring from one to one hundred and fifty feet. Drake's spring, about one and a half miles from Titusville, yielded about eight hundred gallons, and McClintock spring, at the mouth of the creek, about twelve hundred gallons per day. The indications of oil along the Cussewago valley, are fully equal to those on Oil Creek. It is believed that the oil may be found in all this region where there is bituminous coal. Springs indicating its existence are known in many parts of the county, and companies are forming with a view to commence boring on the Allegheny river and its tributaries. It is a curious fact that a mineral vein runs through from Virginia to New York. At its Southern end, bituminous coal is obtained; as it advances further North, coal oil is the product; and where it terminates in New York, it is a stream of natural gas, which burns as freely as the carbureted hydrogen in our gas works. This may result from the coal being in a state of decomposition.

AGES OF AUTHORS.—Here is an additional list to that recently published:—Gerald Massey 32; Miss Muloch 34; William Wilkie Collins 36; Sidney Dobell 36; James Grant 38; Wm. Hepworth Dixon 39; Eliza Cook 42; Francis Brown 44; Phillip J. Bailey 44; [illegible] 45; George Gilfillan 45; John Forster 48; Elizabeth B. Browning 50; Mary Cowden Clarke 51; Richard C. Trench 53; Charles Swain 57; Thomas Aird 58; Robert Chambers 59; G. P. R. James 60; Henry G. Bohn 60; John Keble 60; John Moultrie 61; Charles Lyell 63; Alexander Dyce 61; T. C. Grattan 64; George Grote 66; Michael Faraday 66; John Clare 67; Francis B. Head 67; Lord Mahon 78; David Brewster 78.

We give below the ages of several French and other writers of Continental Europe, whose works are translated into English, and enjoy a popularity on this side of the Atlantic: Louis Blanc 47; Eugene Sue 52; Kossuth 54; George Sand 55; Alexander Dumas 57; Victor Hugo 58; Emile de Girardin 58; M. A. Thiers 63; A de Lamartine 68; Victor Cousin 69; Francis P. G. Guizot 73.—*Boston Transcript.*

ANECDOTE.—A Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, under date of Feb. 4, notes a visit to the White House, and says the President did his full share in joking and telling anecdotes, among which he says he related an anecdote of an eminent lawyer of Pittsburg, which was well told and will bear repeating. James Ross was fitted first for the ministry, and being about to preach his trial sermon, which he had committed to memory, he went to the woods alone, as he supposed, for the last rehearsal. A venerable old patriarch of the church, Father McMillan, suspecting Ross's intention as well as his piety, followed at a safe distance, creeping up behind the ambitious youth, stood secreted behind a tree. Ross spread himself, and finally wound up with "Amen! I'll be d—d if that won't just suit old McMillan," and wheeling on his heel, old McMillan stood before him. "No, Jas. Ross," said the old man, "that does not just suit old McMillan, nor will you do for a preacher." Ross reviewed the evidence of his calling, and concluded that the law was "just the thing for him."

AGE BY HAIR.—The Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures while in Cincinnati, called on Mr. Longworth. The following colloquy, among others, ensued:

"What is your age, Mr. Longworth?" said one of the Kentucky delegation.

"Can you not tell by looking at my hair?" replied he.

"Well, no," continued the Kentuckian; "in our State we do not determine by that rule the number of years a man has lived."

"I do," said Mr. Longworth, "and a very good rule it is. Now, mark me; whenever you see a man with hair as scant and gray as mine, set him down as being in the prime of life—or about 70 years old."

Longworth has now in his cellar four hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine. When it is remembered that there are two or three other large manufacturers in Cincinnati, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the grape is cultivated in that vicinity.

OF the current year's crop of cotton, England will take about 50 per cent.; our Northern manufacturers about 17 per cent.; and nearly all of the remaining 27 per cent. will be taken in the other countries of Europe.

THE Supreme Court of Ohio have decided unanimously, that by the Constitution of that State, negroes having more white blood than black in their veins, are entitled to vote at all elections.

MR. ROESSELE, of the Delavan House, in Albany, (who is a famous horticulturist,) has produced a celery which, instead of being grown in the ordinary way in summer, and blanched for winter use, was grown since last November, and that not in a hot-house, but out in a frost-covered, open field.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 204—Adults 103, and children 101.

"THE AMERICAN EAGLE IN DARKER."—Under the head, the New York Tribune describes a bogus $10 gold piece, a most dangerous counterfeit, which had been detected at the United States Sub Treasury, having been paid out by the Metropolitan Bank, of that city. The coin stood all the tests of weight, sound, circumference and thickness. On being cut in two, it was found that a genuine coin had been split edgewise, both halves being quite thin, then filled with some whitish metal, and remilled.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts are light, and the market for Flour is firmer and rather more active under further speculative inquiry from the West. The week's sales reach some 9500 bbls, in lots, part at $5,62½@5,75 for superfine, which establishes an advance, and part on private terms, including choice Lancaster county at $5,85, half bbls at $6 the pair, 90 days, middlings $4,25, extras at $6 ₱ bbl, and 2500 bbls Western extra and extra family on terms we could not learn, the market closing quiet, but steady and firm at the advance. The sales to the trade are to a moderate extent, within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 up to 7 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are not inquired for, and very dull, the former being offered at $4,12½@4,25, and the latter at $3,75 ₱ bbl for Penna Meal.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and with a fair milling demand all offered found ready sale at fully former rates. Sales include about 15,000 bush, in lots, at $1,32@1,36 for common to good and prime reds, and $1,45@1,50 for white, as in quality, mostly of the former description, in store. Rye continues in steady demand, and all the Pennsylvania offered sold at 92@93c. Corn has been dull and drooping during the entire week, there being little or no demand for shipment, and only some 12,000 bus yellow found buyers at 75@76c, mostly at the latter price, in store and in the cars, at which rate it closed dull. Oats are but little inquired for, and some 9000 bus sold in lots at 44½c for Pennsylvania and 43c for Delaware. Some small sales of Barley are reported at 85c. Of Barley Malt the sales reach about 20,000 bus, in lots, at 90c.

PROVISIONS—There is a good demand for the Hog product generally, and dressed Hogs are selling at $7½@8 the 100 lbs. Of Pork, about 1000 bbls have been taken, part at $18,25@18,50 ₱ bbl for Mess, and part private, including some lots of old rump and prime Pork also sold at a private bargain. Beef Hams are worth $17, with further sales at this rate, and City Mess Beef in a small way at $13@15 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon about 600 hhds have been disposed of part to go South, at a further improvement, including Hams at 10½@13c, as in quality, Sides 10½@10½c, and Shoulders 8½@8¾c. For Green Meats the demand is also good at an advance, and about 1200 casks have changed hands at 7¾@7¾c Shoulders in salt, 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 9½@10½c for Hams in salt and pickle; some considerable sales of bulk meats are also reported, part at the above figures, and part on terms kept private: all on the usual credit. Of Lard further sales of bbls and tierces are reported at 11½@11¾c for prime Western, some in irregular packages, at 10½@11c, and 500 kegs at 11½@12c, mostly on time. Solid Butter is dull, and selling at 10½@11c; roll is rather more active, and bringing 14@16c. Cheese is moving off as wanted, at 10½@11c ₱ lb. Eggs are rather lower, and quoted at 17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—There is not much demand from manufacturers, who come forward slowly, and the market is without any quotable change this week; sale reaching about 950 bales, in lots at from 11 to 12½c for Uplands, cash and short time, and 11½@12½c for Gulfs, cash and 4 months, the market closing steady.

BARK—There is not much offering, but buyers and sellers are apart in their views. A few small lots of Quercitron only having been disposed of at $30 ₱ ton, which is the general asking rate for fine ground. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is held at 30c ₱ lb, but we hear of no sales.

COAL—There is no new feature to note in the market for this staple, and prices are unchanged, with some little improvement in the demand for shipment, especially to an extent.

COPPER is held firmly, with about the usual business doing in sheathing and yellow metal at quotations.

COFFEE—The market continues very firm, and the stock light, with sales of about 4000 bags to note, including the recent arrival of Rio at 12½c, some small lots of Sears at 12½@13c and St. Domingo at 11½c, all on the usual terms.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 48@50c ₱ lb for Western—the latter for prime lots.

FRUIT—The sales are small at 6¼@6½c for Dried Apples, and 8@18c for Peaches, the latter for pared as to quality. Green Apples and Cranberries are scarce, and the latter sell as wanted at $8@14 ₱ bbl, according to condition.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@60c.

HEMP—There is very little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HIDES remain quiet, but holders are firm in their views, with a small business only to note this week.

HOPS—There is no alteration in the market, and about the usual business to notice in Eastern and Western at 12@18c ₱ lb, as to quality, the latter for prime.

IRON—There is a moderate inquiry for Pig Metal for future delivery, but generally at prices below the views of sellers, who are firm in their demands; sales of some 12,000 tons Anthracite, however, are reported at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is firmer and holders ask $25@26, time, without finding buyers. Blooms and Boiler Plates continue dull, and prices the same as last quoted. In Bars and Rails there is very little movement and no changes to note.

LEAD—A further small sale of Virginia was made at $5,75 ₱ 100 lbs equal to cash; the stock is light, and some of the manufacturers have been buying in a neighboring market.

LEATHER—The market continues dull: good Spanish Sole and Slaughter are scarce, and command full prices, but other kinds are neglected.

LUMBER—There is little or nothing doing, and no change to note, the recent cold weather having completely suspended business, which had begun to improve a little.

PLASTER—There is none offering or selling, and quotations are entirely nominal.

SEEDS—The market for Cloverseed at the close is better, the demand continues good, and there is not so much offering. Sales and resales to the extent of some 7500 bus are reported at $4,25@4,50 for inferior to fair, and $4,75@5,25 for good and choice lots, mostly at $4,75@5 ₱ bus, including about 2500 bags recleaned Seed at 8½@8¾c ₱ lb. Timothy is wanted, and sales are reported at $3,25 ₱ bus, which price is now refused for prime lots. Domestic Flaxseed is taken on arrival at $1,58@1,60 ₱ bus. Of Red Top sales of 500 bags have been made at a price kept private.

SPIRITS—Brandies continue firm and on the advance, but there is not much doing in the way of sales. Gins are steady. N E Rum sells as wanted at 36@37c. Whiskey—The stock is very much reduced, and prices have advanced considerably.—Penna bbls sold during the week at 22½@24c; Ohio do 23½@25½c, the latter for extra pkgs; Drudge at 21½@22½c, and hhds at 21½@23½c, the market closing quiet at the highest figures.

SUGARS—The market is steady, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and some 600 hhds have been sold at from 6¼ to 8¾c for Cuba and New Orleans, the former for refining qualities, including Texas at 7¼c, all on the usual credit.

TOBACCO—The demand for both Leaf and Manufactured continues limited, and prices the same.

TALLOW is rather more active, and city is selling at 10½c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market has been very inactive, owing to the New York auction sale; the sales here have been light, but at fully former rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1700 head. For prime lots the highest was 10c; but the average was from 7 to 9½c for good and ordinary quality. Sheep—5000 head arrived, and sold at from 5 to 6c, gross, equal to 10@12c dressed.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1477 head were at market, and sold at $8 to 9¼ ₱ 100 net, lbs according to quality

A FIFTEEN mile skating match took place at Portsmouth, N. H., on Thursday. James Ayres made the distance in 47 minutes, Geo. W. Marston in 47.6, and Jacob Haddock in 50 minutes. Ayres and Marston each skated one mile in 2.20—which is within a quarter of a second of Flora Temple's best time.

☞ A gentleman who spoke of having been *struck* by a lady's beauty was advised to kiss the rod.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 18.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet: sales of 4800 bbls; Southern $5,50@5,75. Wheat quiet. Corn is also quiet. Beef is firm. Pork steady. Lard steady at 11@11¼c. Whiskey dull at 23½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & L NG, Nos. 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, WILLIAM E. SOMERS, to SALLIE E. JACKSON, both of this city

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN D. CLEVENGER, to Miss MARY E. ELLIS, both of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 2d instant, by the same, Mr. J. NEWTON TOZNY, to Miss ALMIRA SNSENDERFER, both of this city.

On the 8th by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. JOSEPH R. YOUNG, of Huntsville, Alabama, to Miss LILLIE BURGIN, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. JOSEPH C. MARKS, to Miss LAVINIA M. COMBES, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM BOYD, to Miss MARY B. CORKMAN, both of Manayunk.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Bunker, Mr. WILLIAM HIRT, to Miss ELIZABETH MARSH, all of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Jas. Neill, Mr. FRANKLIN W. MORRISON, to Miss SARAH A. ALLEN, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. BENTLEY, to Miss SARAH A. CHAIN, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, at Tipton, Mo. by the Rev. Mr. Woolridge, THEODORE EVANS, to Miss AMANDA M. SAURMAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, THOMAS BILL, in his 69th year.

On the night of the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY W. DALE, relict of Capt. John M. Dale, U. S. N.

On the morning of the 15th instant, Rev. GEORGE CHANDLER, in his 71st year.

At Wilmington, Del. on Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1860, LEWIS RUMFORD, a well known and much respected citizen of that place.

On the morning of the 13th instant, SARAH M. JAMES, wife of Henry James, and daughter of the late Jonathan Thomas, in her 37th year.

On the 13th of Feb. HARRY HARRISON, in his 30th year.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 11th instant, JAMES B. YARDLEY, in his 39th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. SAMUEL T. HUNGERFORD, in his 28th year. Baltimore Sun and West Chester papers please copy.

On the 12th instant, GEORGE W. SCHREINER, in his 38th year.

On the 14th instant, at his residence, Upper Darby, WILLIAM COPPMAN, in his 81st year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '62	100	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '81	108	—
" " coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	101½
" " new	104	104½
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct.	78	—
" " coupon	—	88
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	70
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	92½	93½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	77¾	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104	104½
Missouri "	87	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's 5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	136½	—
Philadelphia	118½	119
Far & Mec	56½	57
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	40½	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	68	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	64	65
Girard	46	—
Western	44	—
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	29
Tradesman's	82½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	25½	—
Germantown	—	18
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	118	—
Northern "	114	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	85½	87
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	160	—
Com & R R Bank, Wheeling	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	—
New Granada	—	—
N America Ins Co	—	—
N Liberties Gas	—	36½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	80	81
	85	87

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	87½	89
stock	58	58½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	130	131
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	90
mort 6's '44	—	93
" '66	70½	71½
stock	19½	19¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	93	95
stock	—	40
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	45½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	96½	—
Tioga R R	75	81
Wil'me & Elmira 7's 1st mort	24	—
2nd "	11½	13
stock	1	1
Catawissa	1	1
Beaver Meadow stock	58	59
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	63	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	51½	52
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	57½	58
Har & Lan R R stock	58	58½
bonds '53	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
Long Island R R stock	11½	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Mackinaw Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	97½	—
Mich gan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	71½	72
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	7	7½
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	51	52
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	28½	29
Morris Consol'd	5½	5½
preferred	105	107
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	70	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	28
Sus & Tidewater	2½	3
bonds, 1878	27	28

FACT NUMBER ONE.

That Cristadoro's Excelsior Dye has recently been analyzed by DR. CHILTON, the first chemist in America. He pronounces the Dye ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS to the hair and skin.

FACT NUMBER TWO.

The Excelsior Dye is instantaneous in its effects; produces the identical color, which is indistinguishable from that of nature; and actually *strengthens* and *invigorates* the hair. This fact is established by competent affidavits.

FACT NUMBER THREE.

The sales of the Dye have increased *two hundred per cent. in one year*, and every respectable druggist and hair dresser finds it necessary to keep it as a *standard article*. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York. feb25-eow2t

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 2½ dis
DELAWARE		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT		Solv bks	3½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	2 to 3 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	3½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis		
GEORGIA			
Solv bks	¼ dis		

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Wit and Humor.

A DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

After nine miles of the most lonesome, dreary and hilly road that ever mortal man travelled, I came in sight of what I supposed to be the widow's house. It was a low cabin at the foot of a hill, with a tremendous oak in front of it. I saw somebody sitting under the tree, and, as I approached nearer, I discovered that it was a woman, with her face buried in her hands, and weeping violently. As soon as I reached the spot, I addressed her somewhat in the following manner:

"I do not wish to be impertinent, madam, but I feel some concern to know what is the matter with you?"

"Oh! boo-hoo-oo! Hoo-oo-hoo-hoo!"

"My dear madam, what is the matter?" I demanded, becoming really concerned at the manner in which she was acting. She kept up her agony of distress, while a group of six or seven children began to come from the neighboring bushes and gather close around her.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of all that's good, tell me what ails you!"

"Oh, stranger," she exclaimed, raising her eyes, bloodshot with weeping, "my—boo-hoo—husband—boo—band is—boo-hoo—dead!" and she again relapsed into her fit of weeping. I was truly affected by the poor woman's distress, and, though a poor sinner myself, I could not refrain from offering her some consolation.

"My dear madam, do not give up to distress. Heaven has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Cheer up, my good woman; the cloud may be dark, but the sun will eventually dissipate it. You may have to labor hard for your children, but Heaven will aid you!"

"That arn't nothing, stranger," exclaimed the woman, "as fur the children, I haven't got but seventeen, an' I make support fur thim easy enough. Heaven mout be my husband, an' I has no doubt he'd make a mighty good husband; but I want a sure nuf husband, a real live one like my poor John was afore he died. Poor John—poor John! Oh, me!—boo-hoo-oo-oo!"

When I had listened to this speech, there was something so absolutely and purely original in its ridiculous ideas that I could not help laughing at the mourner. As soon as possible I recovered myself and changed my tactics.

"Well, ma'am," I said, "if that's all, for Heaven's sake don't give yourself any trouble. There are plenty of men in the world; surely you can get another husband."

"I mout get another husband, stranger, but, oh! I couldn't find nary 'nother like John—poor John!—poor John! oh, me! boo-hoo-oo!"

"What was there remarkable about him, ma'am? If he was uncommonly likely, there are plenty of handsome men left in the world. *If he was an extraordinary strong man, I know* of some giants in strength. Was he good, kind, and gentle, there are such still left on earth? Was he a man of extraordinary intellect, wisdom, or genius, depend upon it there are others equal to him? Depend upon it, that no matter what extra gift he may have possessed, with patience and diligence you may find another to smooth the rough way of life for you, and fill that vacancy which distresses you so."

"Oh, stranger!" returned the woman, "I know it's your kind heartedness what makes you speak so, but 'taint worth while; John wasn't nothin' extraor'nary in none o' them things as you speak of. But still I never, no never! I know I never kin find the likes of John again on yuth! Oh, John! poor John!—poor John!—boo-hoo-oo!"

"Well, madam, I have guessed till I'm tired. What was there about John so remarkable?"

"Markbull!" she exclaimed; "why, stranger, John was the best fiddler on yuth.. How he'd lay back behind his fiddle and roll his beautiful red head about from side to side, as he played—'Sugar in de flourd,' 'Pig in de Tatur Patch,' 'Old Dan Tucker,' and all them tunes! Just to think! It ha'n't been a month since he sit rite here under this tree and played for me while I got up and danced just this way to that good old tune—

"'Oh, she wouldn't an' she couldn't, an' she wouldn't come at all!
To um tum diddle dum doodle addey day!'"

And here the woman jumped up and cut two or three very difficult steps—half way between the pigeon wing and the old Virginia back step—while she sang the above tune; then falling, she screamed in the agony of distress—

"And now he's gone!—dead! Oh, me."

I gazed at the woman for one moment, and then I told her I knew some very good fiddlers. She immediately became calm, and looking up into my face with an inquiring glance, she said—

"Stranger, maybe you is a good fiddler; I'll go an' get John's fiddle!"

And off she started for the house. As soon as she was out of sight, I struck spurs to my horse.

Few understand the depth of such feeling as that.

March of Intellect.—At a recent political caucus in a town not far from here, Mr. B——, in the course of his speech, took occasion to speak in no measured terms of the intimidation which, he said, had been exercised towards certain parties.

"Name! name!" cried some of his supporters.

"Why, their name is Legion," rejoined the honorable and learned gentleman.

An intelligent voter, who stood near, said to his neighbor—

"Who did he say?"

"Oh, he said their name was Legion," was the reply.

"Legion! Legion!" said the bewildered individual; "where do they live? I don't know any one of that name in the town."

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

A certain wealthy nobleman invited the dramatist to visit him during the hunting season at his country seat. Sheridan went, but being no sportsman, found it rather dull work. At length, one day finding himself left alone, he concluded to take a gun and fixings and try his luck. An attendant gamekeeper proffered his services, which were peremptorily declined, determined that his want of skill should not be made the subject of remark in the servants' hall. The result of his tramp might be anticipated, and he found himself returning homeward without even a feather for his trophy, convinced of one of two things, to wit: either that his gun was a poor one, or that he did not understand its use.

Crossing a field, in the centre of which was a pond, around which was gathered a large flock of geese, ducks, &c., he noticed a farmer leaning upon the fence, watching their gambols, and was seized with an irresistible desire to try his skill upon the feathered objects of his attention. Accordingly, he went up to the farmer, who seemed quite indifferent to his approach, and thus accosted him:

"My friend, what shall I give you for permission to discharge both barrels into the midst of the flock?"

"Wull," answered the north countryman, "ai dun know; art thou much iv er shot?"

"Much of a shot?" "Oh!" (slightly embarrassed,) "middling—only middling."

"Wull, how fur wilt thou stan' off?"

"How far? Oh! say about twenty yards."

"Wull, ar shood think thou might'a give I harf a ginny."

"Half a guinea! Pretty good price; however, I'll do it."

Accordingly, the ground was measured, Sheridan took his stand, and, with a deliberate aim, discharged both barrels, killing and wounding more than he anticipated.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, picking up the spoils, and approaching the old farmer, who seemed quite undisturbed by the result, "you didn't expect I should kill so many of them, did you?"

"Wull, no. I carnt say I did; but still *yer know, it's nothin' to I, yer know, becas they don't belong to I.*"

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

To dream of a small stone around your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.

To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears.

To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

To dream of fire, is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off *brandy and water.*

To dream of walking barefooted, denotes a journey that you will make bootless.

To dream of eggs, is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest.

When a fashionable lady dreams of a filbert, it is a sign that her thoughts are running upon the colonel.

If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law, for, by the law of contraries, you will be sure of non-suit.

To dream that you are eating, is certain to come true at breakfast.

To dream of a barber, denotes losses—hairs may be expected to be cut off.

To dream of having a great number of servants is madness.

It is very lucky to dream you pay for a thing twice over, since afterwards you will probably take care to have all your bills receipted.

Multiplication of Species.—There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even man has doubled in twenty-five years; at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would literally not be standing room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds, and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase; it will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pair of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million of elephants descended from the first pair.—*On the Origin of Species. By Chas. Darwin, M. A.*

Arctic Palates.—Bills of fare very much, even in Greenland. I have inquired of Petersen, and he tells me that the Greenland Esquimaux (there are many Greenlanders of Danish origin) are not agreed as to which of their animals affords the most delicious food; some of them prefer reindeer venison, others think more favorably of young dog, the flesh of which he asserts, is "just like the beef of sheep." He says a Danish captain, who had acquired the taste, provided some for his guests, and they praised his mutton. After dinner he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than a large red dog. This occurred in Greenland, where his Danish guests had resided for many years, far removed from European mutton. Baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia. At the Sandwich islands I was once invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could when told that puppy was so extremely scarce it could not be procured in time, and therefore sucking-pig was substituted.—*M'Clintock's Voyage of the Fox.*

☞ Extraordinary Feat of Strength.—A man recently knocked down an elephant. He was an auctioneer.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

New York Merchant (*excitedly*).—This will never do, sir! no, sir, we must have our money, sir, or we'll put the account in suit immediately!

Country Merchant (*twelve months behind*).—Wal, now, if that's what yer going to do, allow me to recommend a neighbor of mine, Squire Jones! he's a mighty prompt collector!

Women at Twenty-One.—When a young girl reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen, she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony—a state, the delights of which her youthful imagination shadows forth in the most captivating forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental conversation among her companions, and it is recurred to with increasing interest every time it is brought upon the tapis. When she grows a little older she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks more intently on the all-important subject. It engrosses her thoughts by day and her dreams by night; and she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth for whom she cherishes a secret but consuming flame. She surveys herself in the mirror, and, as it generally tells "a flattering tale," she turns from it with a pleasing conviction that her beauty will enable her to conquer the heart of the most obdurate, and whoever else may die in a state of "single blessedness," she is destined to become, ere many years roll by, a happy bride.

From the age of eighteen to twenty "is the very witching time" of female life. During that period the female heart is more susceptible to the soft and tender influence of love *than at any other; and we appeal to our* fair readers to say, whether, if inclination was alone consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place during this ticklish season than in any in which it is preceded or followed? It is the grand climax of love; and she who passes it without entering into the state of matrimony may chance to pass several years of her life ere she is caught in the meshes of Hymen.

The truth is that the majority of women begin to move more thoughtfully when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives place to the sobriety of the woman. Frivolity is succeeded by reflection; and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway. The care and the anxiety of life press themselves more palpably, they tend to weaken the effect of the sanguine anticipation of unmingled felicity in the marriage state which the mind had formed in its youthful dreams. In short, to use a common phrase, women, after twenty, "look ere they leap."

Agricultural.

HIGH FEEDING AND MANURING.

As a proof that high feeding and high manuring is the true course to follow, I will state that I can with more certainty calculate on three tons of hay per acre, now, then I could on one thirty-six years ago, and I can safely calculate on one acre in pasture feeding more stock and much better, than three would have done at that time, while I can almost always make one-half more grain of any kind than I did then—of oats or corn far more than double. High feeding and high manuring did all this.

I am never afraid to feed grain when high; if corn is high, beef and mutton are always high. I fed 24 tuns of oil meal last year to 501 sheep and got pay for cost of sheep, pay for the oil meal, interest of money on cost of sheep, interest of money paid for oil meal, and $745 over, to pay for forty days' hay for the sheep. Now, I have often done far better than that.

I have fatted more or less sheep or cattle for over thirty years, and I never lost money but one season; sometimes made but little clear profit, but always on the right side, except one year, and when I kept a regular stock of sheep. When I fed hay all winter I always fed grain or oil meal. I often fed 100 lambs (Merinos) during winter, and either sold in April or at shearing time, and some five to seven years ago, for a few years they netted me $5 each.

It don't take much grain or oil meal to make a lamb fat if in good condition when winter sets in. I have had them average 110 to 115 pounds after being shorn. I don't think 100 wethers, 3½ years old last fall, could be found on any farm west of this in this State that would weigh 100 lbs., I mean Spanish Merinos, such as I raised. Good keeping did it all with me. I have only a little over 100 acres, or will not have after the first of April; indeed I have no more now, my tenant having sold out his fodder, corn and oats, to the gentleman that has purchased about 260 acres of my farm.

He is now on it with his family, has got on some 350 sheep which he is making fat for spring market; has also plenty of cattle and horses, and I have no doubt will make, or rather is, a very progressive farmer. I have 200 sheep making fat daily, and eight head of cattle, but have not enough stock to consume my stuff. True, I might sell my hay and grain, but then my farm would feel the loss of it by and by. I never sold hay, corn or oats, since I came here, and I have raised as high as 1,400 bushels of corn in a season, and fed it all to cattle and sheep, excepting to make as much pork as my family needed, and always got as much as it would bring in market, and sometimes twice that, *one year excepted.*—J. Johnston, *near Geneva, N. Y., in Mass. Ploughman.*

SPRING PIGS FOR MAKING PORK.

That pork may be made most profitably of spring pigs, kept growing as rapidly as consistent with health until fall or early winter, has been shown by many successful experiments. Yet nothing is more common among farmers than to winter over pigs, weighing in the fall about one hundred pounds, expecting to make hogs when fattened a year later, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty pounds. A year's care and keeping is given to very small advantage over pigs properly fed for less than half the time.

March pigs of a good breed, well kept and learned to eat while with the sow, then taken away at two months old and fed all they will profitably consume, will make "three hundred hogs," by the last of November. There have been frequent instances of a gain of one and a quarter pounds a day, and even more. "Pigs, recently from the mother," says a writer on this topic, "may safely and profitably be fed frequently. The digestive powers are most active in the *young* animal, as a matter of theory even; in practice it is found emphatically so; and if the animal is fed always, the growth is never stunted, and the animal does about all it was made to do, in a short time." An instance is given where two pigs fed from two months old, three, and often four times a day, with Indian meal and skim milk, weighed when slaughtered, at *seven* months old, three hundred and fifteen pounds.

An example of the cost and results of fattening shoats by feeding through the summer, met our eye sometime since, in the N. E. Farmer. A pig was bought of a drover, weighing at the time 120 pounds, and costing $10.20. He was kept nearly nine months, consuming meanwhile, besides slops from the house, $25 worth mostly of corn-meal, and his dressed weight was 353 pounds. Taking first cost and expense of food purchased only into account, the pork cost ten cents per pound, though the cost of the meal would not average above $1 per bushel. The time spent in feeding, and the value of the slops, may have been remunerated by the manure, but we think manure could be make less expensively by fattening spring pigs; at least less time would be required in the process.—*Country Gentleman.*

For Films.—I will here give my recipe for taking a film from the eye of any domestic animal. It is simple and effectual, and withal humane, I think. Take off strained honey in a spoon, (or anything that suits the convenience of the operator,) as new as can be had, and open the eyelid and turn the honey in the eye, letting the lid close over it. I perform the operation night and morning; never had a failure of a cure in a few days. The longer the film has been on the eye the longer it will take to remove it. I think it a better remedy than I have ever seen in print, easily obtained, and never does harm.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Charcoal.—Seeds germinate very quickly in pulverised charcoal, but do not grow well in charcoal alone. It is used with great effect as a top dressing. It is a great stimulus to vegetation on account of its power to produce carbonic acid gas, and exerts a favorable influence in the absorption and decomposition of matters excreted from the roots of plants, thereby preserving the spongioles from the detrimental effects of these putrifying substances. It has also a wonderful effect in invigorating sickly plants, and aids the rooting of plants and shrubs newly transplanted. Its value is not as generally appreciated as it should be.

Wounds and Scratches in Horses.—When I worked at my trade, in the city, I had occasion to use different kinds of paints and oils, among them was what is called "bright varnish." Frequently I would cut myself, sometimes so severely that I have been laid up for weeks. I would try all kinds of salve, but the wound would be a long time healing. One day I cut my hand severely, and as I had nothing to put on it at hand, I thought I would try some of the *bright varnish;* as it is a sticky substance, I thought it might stick the wound together; accordingly I bound up my hand with it and kept on to work; the varnish relieved the pain, I had no soreness in the wound, and in one week it was entirely healed. My son was sawing through a board one day, and carelessly put his hand under the board. My son had his forefinger bone entirely sawed off. I put the ends together, put on this varnish, bound it up, and the result was, that after one week the bandage was removed, and the finger had nearly grown together. My horse once had scratches so badly, that it was difficult to get him to move about. I rubbed the parts affected with this varnish, for two days, which caused a perfect cure. The varnish can be bought at the paint shops for six or eight cents per quart.

Lice on Cattle.—There are various simple modes of killing lice on neat cattle. *Yellow snuff,* sifted on the heads and backs of animals is pretty sure to kill the most common kinds of lice. Snuff is better than *tobacco juice,* as it is more safe and not likely to do any harm.

But it is said there are certain kinds of lice which are not afraid of snuff. Well, take some *lamp oil* and apply it to the heads and shoulders of the cattle. *Oil* and *greasy matter* of all kinds are very disagreeable to all kinds of vermin, and we doubt not a thorough smearing of the head and neck and back of animals will drive away all these troublesome visitors.

Ashes sprinkled on to the backs of cattle will often clear them of vermin. So will *sand* or any kind of earthy matter. Cattle that lie out, where they can choose for themselves, are seldom lousy. They are fond of covering themselves with sand whenever they can find a loose bank to scatter about.

Hens running at large, and where they find sand in plenty to wallow in, are not usually lousy. A bed of ashes is still better, and they should always be accommodated with a panful in their inclosure.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

On Housing Stock.—Last autumn I tied up four bullocks under a hovel, three in three separate boxes, and kept loose seven in two yards (four in one yard and three in another), each yard having an open hovel for them to run under if they pleased. The 14 beasts were all nearly of an age, and they were treated alike; 8 lbs. of Linseed cake per day each, ¾ bushel of cut mangels, and hay or oat straw equally distributed among them. Those shut up and those tied up were all ready for market first, and the others replaced them as they were sold off; but they, when marketed in their turn, were not ready on an average so soon by a month each as those that were first tied and shut up.—*Corres. of London Ag. Gazette.*

Useful Receipts.

Veils.—Black lace veils can be recovered by washing them in tea, letting them soak a few moments; then take them out, and as soon as dry enough iron them.

Lice on Pet Birds.—One of the great drawbacks to the happiness of the birds, and to the pleasure of keeping them, is lice, and having recently learned of a safe and sure way of removing them, we give it to our readers. The Michigan Farmer says:—Lay a piece of Canton or cotton flannel over the cage at night, several nights in succession, taking it off at daylight. Multitudes of the lice will be found upon it, which are easily killed. After a few days all will be removed. A case in which this was very successful, has just been brought to our notice; from a pair of bob-o-links hundreds of these parasites were removed in this way.

To Encourage the Growth of Hair and Prevent its Turning Grey.—A young lady friend of mine was recommended by a *coiffeur* to use sage-water. She was obliged to discontinue its daily use as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven or near a stove, then strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of cocoa-nut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.—*London Field.*

To Clean Paint.—Smear a piece of flannel in common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

Cleaning Kettles.—A bit of pearl-ash, as large as a walnut, dissolved in hot water, will remove grease from iron cooking vessels, and also take out the taste left by onions or other highly flavored food.

Pop-Overs.—Stir together, one cup flour, one of sweet milk, one beaten egg, and butter the size of a walnut. Bake in small tin rounds—and they will be excellent for breakfast cakes. So writes a correspondent of the *Agriculturist.*

An Explanation.—Young ladies are often asked why they blush so when spoken to about their lovers, but they are seldom able to give a satisfactory answer. Taking pity on their bashfulness a writer in the American Medical Gazette furnishes the following lucid explanation of the beautiful phenomenon:—"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by reflex action, through the brain and facial nerve, to the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate." The mystery is now perfectly clear.

☞ The most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.—*Rule of Life.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 3, 7, 6, 16, 12, was the god of dread and fear.
My 2, 11, 17, 13, was a priestess of Venus.
My 3, 6, 16, 4, was one of the names of Cupid.
My 4, 20, 1, 5, 12, 18, was the son of Cœlum and Terra.
My 5, 17, 10, 9, 23, 20, was the muse of astronomy.
My 6, 5, 24, 23, 9, 20, was a rural deity.
My 7, 5, 18, 15, 23, 9, 20, was the goddess of weeding.
My 8, 15, 2, 13, was the daughter of Aer and Tellus.
My 9, 11, 7, 23, 8, was the wife of Mars.
My 10, 23, 20, 18, 20, was the goddess of hunting, &c.
My 11, 7, 20, 1, 13, was the muse of love-poetry.
My 12, 20, 23, 18, 4, is something that happens often.
My 13, 15, 3, 20, 18, 5, 4, was an ancient seagod.
My 14, 21, 16, 12, 20, was the goddess of flowers.
My 15, 20, 15, 5, 24, was the son of Vulcan.
My 16, 6, 8, 24, 1, 11, 4, was the son of Agamemnon.
My 17, 20, 15, 2, 11, 22, is a lady's name.
My 18, 20, 1, 23, 18, was the goddess of infants.
My 19, 23, 9, 3, is a drink.
My 20, 5, 7, 13, 12, 20, was the goddess of morning.
My 21, 5, 15, 23, 14, 3, 6, was the son of Jupiter and Aurora.
My 22, 20, 6, 11, 24, was the sons of Mercury and Lara.
My 23, 15, 20, 8, 5, 24, was the son of Daedalus.
My 24, 20, 22, 23, 23, was the twelve frantic priests of Mars.

My whole was an important event in American History. RANDOLPH.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a jolly fellow, that roams o'er the sea;
Backwards, is as troublesome an animal as a flea;
My second, is the same as my first you see,
Transposed either way, it's all the same to thee.

My whole altogether, is a very expressive name
Of a certain savage tribe, which two syllables will frame:
Separately spelled, and they are both the same,
And a very gallant fellow, well known to fame.

Each pronounced backwards, rhymes with a certain kind of barque,
That speeds lightly o'er the sea, in the day, and in the dark;
Spelled forwards, it often makes a good meal for the shark,
And if carelessly handled, will always leave a black mark.

MISS PIDGE CHAMBERLAIN.
Louisville, Ky.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first denotes quickness of motion
Of nimble young fingers and hands,
My second would [illegible] commotion
If seen upon [illegible]'s soft sands;
My whole is a time-honored guest,
Creating mirth, laughter, and jest.

ANAGRAMS.

On Counties in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Red-wads.	Ben Rack.
Sall Lee.	Big Son.
I non Sam.	Not over.
Dare me.	Him nag.
Gas on man.	Spring shot.

Manchester, Ohio. ANNE CORA WILSON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, travelled at the same time and by the same road, from two cities, C and D. A left C for D at the same time that B left D for C. When A had been travelling 36 hours, he was *overtaken* by an express whose speed was equal to his and B's together. When B had been travelling 48 hours, he *overtook* a drove of sheep whose speed was equal to the difference between his and A's. B travelled precisely 40 minutes *after* he passed a station house known to be 30 miles farther from D than the place where the express met the drove, and then met A. A arrived at D 54 hours *before* the drove got to C, and B arrived at C 18 hours and 24 minutes *after* the express got to D.

Required the distance from C to D, and the hourly speed of A and B?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A father died, leaving 1,200 acres of land to be divided between his three sons, so that the eldest shall receive his land at $10 per acre, the 2d at $8 per acre, the youngest at $6 per acre, and each is to receive the same amount of dollars and cents by valuation. How much land will each receive?

Green Co., Ill. W. H. BONFRY.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why are the members of the Oxford University Rifle Corps a most frivolous lot? Ans.—Because they have Quad-Drills every day.

☞ "Sam, why am lawyers like de fishes?" "I don't meddle wid the subject', Pomp." "Why, don't ye see, niggn; because dey am so fond ob debate."

☞ When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should it name? Ans.—Comus.

☞ Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Ans.—Because he is under a sovereign.

☞ Which is the stoutest man in the village? Ans.—The grocer (*grosser.*)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—Burns.

CHARADE—Cares, (Carses.) RIDDLE—Balaam's Ass. RIDDLE—Sage. ANAGRAMS.—Walton, Dallas, Adams, Thomas, Morehouse, St. James, Denton, Limestone, Panola, Ashland. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—10 more. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—18 and 3.

☞ The first man who jumped to a Conclusion. Sam Patch.—*Vanity Fair.*